

CAVALIER



*The New
Man's Magazine*

JANUARY • 25 CENTS

THE TERRIBLE BULLS

See page 20

Every Man **MUST READ** Page 30



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CAVALIER

JANUARY, 1953

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"Milk 'em by the millions" Knetzer unfolds the staggering story of his new car racket to Referee Thomas Williamson.

They called him our greatest living swindler—this man who parlayed the post-war car shortage into \$9,000,000 worth of phantom business.

When he escaped from jail several months ago, there were those who thought the underworld had dipped him into the Mississippi in a slab of concrete. But not the suckers, not the countless suckers who from 1946 to 1948, had practically begged him to roll them, had pleaded with him to take their \$1,000 deposits for automobiles they'd never see. They knew better than to believe that anything so straightforward as death could befall a guy like Robert L. Knetzer.

Said one man: "Him dead? Not that cookie. He's probably out again robbing Peter to pay Paul."

The enormous confusion surrounding financier Knetzer is, in the main, caused by his thousands of ex-customers shouting for the \$3,000,000 he owes them. To friends and foes alike, one of the most remarkable things about Mr. K. is his ability to thrive in the midst of overwhelming chaos. The story of his recent prison break and capture is typical.

According to him, his escape on June 17th wasn't really an escape but a full-fledged kidnapping. It all began at 2:30 in the morning. A man by the name of George Hulén entered the jail with faked credentials, said he was a federal marshal and had come to take Knetzer to Peoria. The jailer, a simple man with few suspicions and an abiding faith in human nature, let them walk out together.

Says Knetzer: "I actually thought this guy Hulén was on the level. When we entered a car that was waiting for us, someone shoved a gun in my side and told me to keep quiet. I could see immediately something was wrong."

What was wrong was a bunch of hoodlums who thought Knetzer should pay for sucking them into his new car racket in '48.

Robert, never slow when it came to words, decided that now was the time for a fast spiel. So he invented a story about having \$75,000 nearby in buried money. He would give them, he promised, \$50,000 if they'd let him mail the rest to his wife. After that they could kill him.

They agreed. They were jubilant over their windfall. In a good mood, they delegated one man to go with him to dig up the money. The man relaxed, and Knetzer, always ready to take advantage, knocked him out and fled.

But five weeks of hiding from both the underworld and the police was too much for him. The "Cornfield Ponzi" was getting frayed around the edges; surrender was the only way out. So, with a typical flourish and a masterful instinct for publicity, Knetzer gave himself up to the *Chicago Herald-American* which, after headlining his side of the story, turned him over to the authorities.

This movie-like tale of cops and robbers—and to this moment no one knows how much of it is true—is in keeping with roving Robert's talent for the incredible. Since 1950, when he was first locked up, he has been let out of jail seven times, under guard, for the purpose of raising funds to pay off his creditors. And even on these trips, bankrupt and revealed as a fraud, he managed to bilk three businessmen out of more than \$60,000.

Now, despite the fact that he claims he is stone broke, he charges that every time he was allowed to leave the prison it cost him from \$7,000 to \$20,000 in bribes.

"Whenever I failed to pay," he says, "I'd be told, 'Pack your clothes, you're going back to jail.' If I threatened to say anything, they would threaten to kill me."

Whatever the real facts are—and with Knetzer they come dangerously close to fantasy—few men can match his ability to get money out of people, and himself out of jail. But all this is just one small part of a fabulous career that began some 40 years ago in the little Southern Illinois mining town of Carlinville.

The youngest of seven children of a coal miner, Bobby is remembered by neighbors of the family as its spoiled darling. He got an early taste of the popularity that goes with having a fist full of funds when his brothers and sisters, who were all working, slipped him quarters and half-dollars. He would gather the neighborhood kids, lead them to the candy store, and set them up.

The Man Who Stole \$3,000,000.00

Robert Knetzer's great car swindle stands as an unsurpassed monument to the art of fraud. So masterful was roving Robert, America's top confidence man, that his victims kept begging him to take more

By Jim Lubbock

Knetzer was educated for his role of financial wizard by attending elementary school. After finishing the eighth grade he joined the Navy, then cropped up flat broke in New Jersey, where he was arrested on a robbery charge. He was placed on probation, picked up for robbery again in Brooklyn and sent to Sing Sing. Paroled in 1938, he came to Edwardsville, Illinois, the site of his grandiose sales of generally non-existent automobiles.

Knetzer arrived on the scene as a \$1-a-day farm laborer. He is remembered by his employer as one of the hardest working farm hands he'd ever had, and "ambitious as hell." Knetzer asked him one day, "Why do you farm like this? You ought to sell it all and get into oil."

In those days, he was driving a tractor, often with a manure spreader hitched on behind it. But he was frequently heard to remark that "Some day I'm going to have a car so long I'll need a telephone to talk to the driver."

After a few months he decided farm work wasn't for him, and moved into Edwardsville proper. He almost starved for several days, then got a job with a local auto dealer at a reported \$40 a week.

Handsomeness in a rather jowly way, and with a glib, glad-handing manner, "Dutch," as he was sometimes known, was a real success as an auto salesman. According to one Edwardsville resident, "Everybody was driving his cars. You'd have thought the other makes went out of existence. He could talk the birds right out of the trees when he sold you, and you always got the feeling that he was doing you a personal favor."

Knetzer soon affected well-tailored, conservative suits for his burly frame, and married a local girl—the first of the three women who were to be his "wives."

She was attractive Dolores Choate, a girl with reddish hair and a pleasant personality. A Sunday School teacher and singer at club and lodge functions, her marriage to Knetzer was a surprise to some Edwardsville residents.

Knetzer made himself known around town to others besides his customers. He would stop strangers on the street,



Luscious Dorothy Kelch is another of Knetzer's problems. Roving Robert, she claims, married her and fathered her two sons. What he didn't tell her was that he had a wife.



Big-shot Knetzer, always free with someone else's dollar, gave this home to the parents of one of his two spare "wives."

introduce himself, and chat about the weather, hunting, fishing, or the auto business. He'd also drop into the local pool hall and play an occasional game. He was literally fascinated by slot machines, which he'd play by the hour.

He and a friend joined forces to start an auto agency in 1941, but the war and curtailment of auto production soon forced them into other fields. Knetzer was still ambitious, mainly for money, and went into buying and selling oil leases and promoting wildcat wells. He developed a reputation for being a big tipper, free spender, and something of a financial big shot.

The big man with little education had "the gift of speaking that all the rest of us wish we had," one townsman said. "I've seen him come in, sit down with an acquaintance and say, 'I've got a deal on where if you give me \$5,000, I'll return you \$7,500 in two weeks.'"

"After about ten minutes of talking he'd get the money. He gave the feeling of great sincerity. He could be as

polished as he had to, or loud and real crude if need be."

The story goes that one day he was out in rural Illinois selling oil leases to a group of farmers. They were standing around the rear of his Cadillac—he always drove a Cadillac—and he had the trunk open, revealing a case of pint bottles of whiskey, which he was using to help oil the oil sales.

Knetzer turned to a friend and said loudly, "You know, I can sell anything to these rubes." The "rubes" laughed good-naturedly and eventually bought the leases.

He didn't confine his efforts to farmers. On one occasion, he borrowed \$25,000 from a young well-to-do St. Louisan, promising to return him \$37,500 in three days. The morning of the third day he paid off.

Although Knetzer could apply assorted techniques to convince people they should invest in his "deals," he could be pretty close-mouthed about just what the deals were. All the investors knew about them was that, in those days, they generally paid well.

The great financier's fancy house in Edwardsville netted \$28,250 at a public auction brought on by his bankruptcy.



They paid Knetzer well too, and he liked nice clean bills in the hefty sums of cash he carried with him. He often turned dirty bills in for new ones and apparently got a real thrill not just from the possession of money but from the actual touch of crisp greenbacks.

He usually picked up the check at any group function, sometimes tipped waiters as much as \$50. In Chicago he entertained sumptuously and spent as much as \$2,300 a month for rent and incidentals.

Always a car lover, he really came into his own with the end of the war and the mad rush for new automobiles. People in Edwardsville soon noticed that Knetzer was able to get autos when other agencies couldn't. And his cars weren't loaded down with hundreds of dollars worth of extras; they sold for list. There was only one string attached—Knetzer required a cash deposit ranging from \$1,000 up, depending on the make of car.

It didn't take long for his fame to spread by the grapevine. Car-hungry customers soon thronged his agency, planking their money on the line and thanking him for taking it. Occasionally he collected as much as \$100,000 in one day.

"Pour my coffee and shine my shoes, boys," he used to bellow happily at his employees, "I'm the boss today!"

Knetzer's customers weren't just the run-of-the-mill suckers. Among them were men who should have known better—bankers, businessmen, a circuit judge, tight-fisted farmers, public officials, rival auto dealers, and hoodlums.

Many of his orders came in from people far away from Edwardsville. California was a fertile field for him, and with his love of show, his movie star customers were his prize trade. He sold them his best convertibles, replacing the standard tires with the finest he could get. He boasted about his Hollywood friends, and one of his cherished possessions was a tie given him, he said, by a well-known singer.

Knetzer promised delivery within a short time—for then—generally 30, 60 or 90 days. The man with the booming voice and the convincing manner didn't make any bones about the fact that he had "connections" which enabled him to come through. But he was never specific as to what they were or where the cars were to come from. One day he'd be getting "cars intended for export," another time they would be cars obtained from "auto workers whose families had precedence." On occasion Knetzer would claim, simply, that he had "connections" in Detroit.

The only limit on how many cars you could order from the dark-haired sharpster was the size of the deposit you could scrape together. Many invested their life's savings, and were ruined. One man even committed suicide after the bubble burst.

No one, not even Knetzer, has been able to explain how he expected the bubble to refrain from bursting. For, when his project was in full bloom, he was buying cars from distant retailers at far over the ceiling prices and reselling them at list, taking a loss of hundreds of dollars per car in doing so. That was his big bait. One model that usually cost about \$2,500 he sold for less than \$1,700.

Meanwhile, ever one to do things in the grand manner, Knetzer bought an expensive new home for his wife and young daughter, and spent \$12,000 having it decorated and furnished by an exclusive St. Louis furniture store. Mrs. Knetzer, however, didn't take to the luxurious life with the same ease as her husband. Although they had a gardener, she continued to do the cooking, and even washed her own car.

Knetzer kept thousand dollar bills in his shoes, wads of cash in his pockets, and splurged mightily.

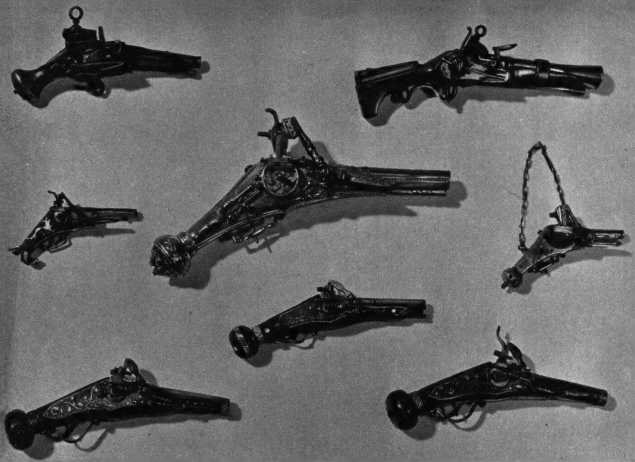
He had several hundred dollars worth of gravel spread on an Edwardsville street at his own expense because the street oil splattered his new Cadillac. When he walked into a drug store he often had a retinue of youngsters. They hoped he'd do his favorite trick of producing a thousand dollar bill and asking for change. *(Continued on page 71)*



After his latest arrest in Milwaukee, Knetzer talks busily on the phone, trying to make a fast buck. Presence of Det. Krenmsreiter doesn't seem to bother him at all.

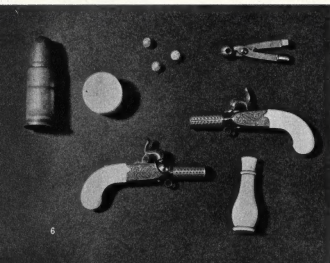
Probably the greatest sucker of them all is Arthur F. Kramer, Illinois farmer who collected about \$3,000,000 from customers for new cars Knetzer never delivered.





Mite-y arsenal, from left to right, *top row*: French 17th century pistol, length $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches; Spanish 17th century blunderbuss, length $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, bell-mouth diameter of $11\frac{1}{32}$ inch. *Center row*: Wheellock pistol, length $2\frac{3}{16}$ inches, caliber .067; wheellock pistol, length $4\frac{7}{8}$ inches, weight 0.111 kilogram, bore 0.147; watch fob, wheellock pistol, length $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches. *Bottom row*, left to right: 16th century German pistols, length $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches each; center: walnut stock German wheellock pistol inlaid with ivory, length $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, weight 0.018 kilogram.

Artillery for



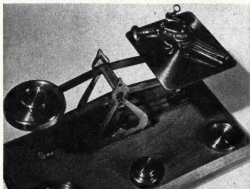
They may look like they belong in a midget's armory, yet all the guns you see on these pages are capable of murder. The craftsmanship behind them, their amazing delicacy and precision, makes them a work of art.

In days of old, when kings were kings and princes waited impatiently for their fathers' thrones, these lethal toys were used in introducing royal youngsters to the noble art of mayhem. When Louis XIII of France was three years old, his playthings reflected the period's fascination with the exquisite. He owned a little arquebus, a musket with a bandolier embroidered in gold and silver, a pistol, and a little cannon of silver given to him by the great designer, Sully. A far cry from the

A pair of ivory-stocked percussion pistols are compared with a .38 Colt bullet for size. Notice the vase-shaped powder flask and the three deadly miniature bullets.



A .38 Police revolver hovers menacingly over a German miniature made around 1600. Both are capable killers.



This carefully wrought French pistol from the 17th century weighs all of a half an ounce, is $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches long.

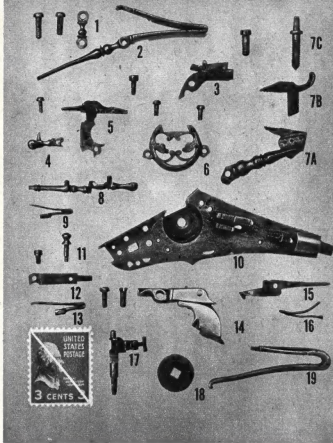
the Lilliputians

Hopalong six-guns so popular with youngsters today.

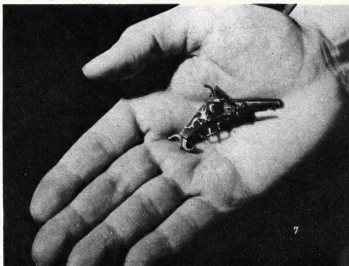
For the skilled apprentice, to be able to fashion a miniature firearm was final proof that he was ready to be called master of his trade. This preoccupation with the tiny was only natural, since a great many gunsmiths were also clockmakers.

For the connoisseur, collecting these miniature masterpieces is an expensive hobby running into several hundred dollars apiece. Because they are so costly, and the danger of damaging them is great, these guns are seldom shot today. Another reason is that you can't get hold of the right ammunition; they just aren't manufacturing any. The demand is very small, and for killing more effective ways have been found. •

Practically hidden in the palm of a man's hand, this thumb-size German wheellock boasts a length of $2\frac{3}{16}$ inches and weighs 111 grams. It is calibered at .067.



The dismantled wheellock pistol shown above (see opposite page, center row, for assembled view of piece) is considered large for the midget class. The parts are: 1. Link supporting the dog pivot and spring screw. 2. Dog spring. 3. Pan. 4. Safety hook. 5. Sliding pan cover. 6. Wheel housing. 7. A,B,C. Dog, upper jaw, and adjusting screw. 8. Safety bridge. 9. Safety spring. 10. Lockplate, inner surface. 11. Pan cover release button. 12. Pan cover catch. 13. Pan cover spring. 14. Axle bridge. 15. Wheel sear, side view. 16. Wheel sear and trigger spring. 17. Wheel axle and chain, in plan. 18. Wheel. 19. Mainspring.





Together We

They drew guns at each other but then, with death in the balance, the GI crushed the French girl in his arms

I avoided the street for six months: I kept the hell away from it all that time. Yet, I knew as sure as the grass grows green that the first time I set foot on it she'd be there. It wouldn't be something that she'd plan or I'd plan, no, nothing so simple as that. It would be that evil little fate that's followed me ever since the day I was born who would do it. Laughing, always laughing at me. A mean snicker I could hear, and my insides would go all in a knot again because there was nothing I could do about it.

Any other time I wanted to go west from Broadway I'd take some other street, but never this one. It was one block long, but only a little way off the corner was the theatre and her picture outside. Several pictures. That, and a long line of people demanding tickets for "Fair Is The Wind" and the chance to see the beauty that was Claire.

Every day she was there, in magazines, newspapers, on billboards, beautiful and blonde with the loveliness of youth and maturity combined, exotically appealing and so alive with that radiance that comes only from the soul. And everybody wanted her. Hollywood screamed for her and Broadway wouldn't let her go. There was never a moment when she wasn't surrounded by men who fought for her smiles and who would give anything they owned for just the chance to touch her.

Claire was beauty. Claire was love. She was everything all women want to be and all men want.

But to me Claire was a memory. You see, I had Claire.

But that was seven years ago in a different world, and this was Broadway and there she was in front



Kill

**A New Story
by
MICKEY SPILLANE**

Illustrated by Phil Berry

of me. If I hurried I knew I could catch her before she turned and went into the street level bistro, the one with the big wooden rooster hanging over the door.

But I didn't hurry, because even the sign of the rooster was part of the joke fate was playing. The Rooster was the place we promised to meet seven years ago. Now it was noon, and the Rooster was only a few doors from Claire's theatre and she was going there for lunch with never a thought of that last moment in France or of me. So I didn't hurry at all. I watched her go in and kept going past the theatre.

Now that I saw her, at last, I could forget her and all she'd done to me. I could go up to see Gus Kimball who had his office up the block and tell him to skip the whole deal. It was off, finished, kaput.

(Continued on next page)

*Light shored down from the bridge, fingering
her body, as I lay down in the shadowed alleyway.*

Four months ago he'd called me in and said, "Joe, we're putting that tunnel through in Bolivia. The engineer who's to tie the job together has to be tops. That guy is you. It's big money, and a chance to make a name for yourself, even a better one than you have now. How about it?"

That was a silly question. Does a bee want honey? I got one of those grins on my face that wouldn't wipe off because the world was in my lap. "You bought yourself an engineer, Gus."

He grinned back and poured a pair of shot glasses full. "We'll drink to it then. Frankly, Joe, I was worried for fear you wouldn't take it. It's a lonely place to be and you'll be there for a few years. In some respects it isn't the dream job."

"Nuts," I said. "For me it's beautiful."

"Fine, then there's only one other detail to iron out. You know the company policy. It may sound extreme, but we found that it works. All our company officers are required to take their wives on the job."

My grin was hard to hold. I threw the drink down fast. "Not that I'm worried," he added. "Guys like you aren't without women . . . not from what I've heard about you. Aren't you engaged?"

"I was. Several times."

"Lucky you," he chuckled. "I wish I was thirty and on the brawny side again. Well, you have four months to get things settled. Stop in then and we'll go over the details and arrange for transportation of your personal effects. A woman needs a lot of pretty things down there to keep her morale up."

I said something I don't remember and we shook hands. That was four months ago. Helen and Jean and Gloria and Francis ago. All beautiful, all ready to share a life with me that couldn't be shared because Claire had been there before them and would always be there before anybody else. That was what my personal fate did to me—let me climb for the top on a ladder that was one big fat rung short.

But there was always the memory of having had her. I could reach back through the seasons to that time when St. Marie was nothing but a huddled mass of hills and houses on the ground below me, and when the moonlight filtered past the canopy of my parachute to sketch a fuzzy round shadow on the meadows. . . .

It was a bad night for the jump. It left you a dangling target for anybody who happened to look up, but it had to be that way. The bridge had to go. The push was due in the morning; a whole army was coming through the slot that had been opened up the day before. But the push wasn't a secret any longer and the Krauts were moving up an army that could plug the hole. It depended on me, one guy with a sackful of high explosives strapped to his back, and a bridge over a river that ran through St. Marie.

When the bridge went, the Krauts went.

There was only the faintest whisper of sound when I hit the grass. I rolled with the fall and snagged the bottom shrouds to spill the air out of my chute, snatching up the lines and the nylon so the white blob wouldn't be there to give me away. I was tearing the sod away to bury it when the voice said, "No . . . m'sieu, not there!"

I went flat on my face, the .45 in my hand ready to spit when I saw her, a white face speaking to me from the folds of a cape. "You damn near died, girl," I told her. My hand and my voice shook together.

"I die every night, m'sieu. Come with me, please. If I saw you, then perhaps others saw you, too. Quickly."

She took my arm and led me away from the field to a footpath, then to a low stone house built into the side of the hill. I went in behind her and stood with my back to the door while she covered the windows and touched a match to the candle on the table. When she turned around she saw the gun in my hand still pointing at her stomach. "I am not of . . . them!" She spit the word out.

"Maybe not, kid. It's just that I've seen all kinds of traps

and I'm not taking any chances." I grinned at her because I was jumpy and didn't want her to know that I was scared, too.

She tossed off the cape. Maybe that's when I fell in love with her. It happened too fast, and all of a sudden I felt slippery inside and wanted to come apart at the seams. I thought a lot of things all at once, but most of all I thought what suckers war made of us, how it could make a man's mind forget what his body never stops remembering.

She was beautiful even then. Twenty maybe, soft and beautiful, with eyes that burned holes in your soul. Hell, you don't describe that kind of beauty. You have to think it or imagine it. Her body was the fulfillment of a dream, every movement more than a subtle invitation . . . a complete giving if you were the man. For anyone else it would be torture. I slid the gun back in the shoulder holster and stood there. She smiled and the room went bright.

"It is the bridge you want, is it not?"

"I didn't answer her. She sat down quickly, her fingers drumming the table."

"We have known this would come. So have they." She spit it out again. "You will not be able to do it according to your plans, m'sieu. Only this afternoon they have brought in many men to guard the place. They are all over because the bridge is their only weak link. You see, they know."

"We found that out," I said.

"And your plans?"

I laughed. "To do it anyway." I started climbing out of my jumpsuit, stripping down until I was in ragged breeches and the torn shirt of a farmer. I tucked the gun in my belt and the explosives in a sack over my shoulder.

"You will be shot if you are caught, of course."

"Of course."

Her laugh was deep and throaty, a laugh of devilish amusement. "You Americans have too much of the . . . bravery. Sometimes you forget that one need not be so . . . direct. There are other ways of doing things and not getting shot."

I looked at her carefully, alive to the woman, yet alert to every sound that came through the night. From the village I could hear the rumble of trucks going over the cobbled pavement. "Who are you, girl?"

"In the underground I have a code number. Always, since I was a little girl. I have played under the bridge and along the banks of the river. When the people of the village moved I was directed to stay. You see . . . for long we knew that this time would come, and since I was the only one who was familiar with every spot that would be of importance about the bridge, the job was assigned to me. I am to . . . guide you, shall I say?"

"No, let's not say it. The thing's too pat."

"There is not time to argue. Certainly your intelligence knows how heavily the bridge has been guarded."

"They know it."

"Then how can I convince you that you must trust me?"

"You can't," I said. "It's still too pat. We never communicated with the French underground on this movement."

Her fingers stopped tapping the table. "I said we expected this. The railway is the only one on which troops can be moved. All the roads are out of service."

I said, "Sorry, kid," but I made it easy by backing it up with a smile.

"I see." Her eyes bored into mine, searching for the answer. "And what will you do with me?"

"Tie you up so you can get loose after a while. Like I said, there are too many traps for me to step in one blind."

A smile played with the corners of her mouth. It stayed a while then danced into her eyes. "I should curse you in the name of France for being so stupid. But too, I should curse myself and the others for being so cautious as not to leave any proof of my identity behind."

I had a coil of rope wound around my waist and I started to shake it loose. "In the name [Continued on page 60]



Beneath the shiny surface of any new car lurks potential troubles which should be covered by an honest, iron-clad warranty.

BEWARE— YOUR NEW CAR WARRANTY

With millions of car buyers clamoring for their due, CAVALIER investigated why so many dealers welsh on warranties. The picture is disgraceful—but there are ways to protect yourself

By Sidney Margolius

Buying a new car should be the end of all your car troubles for a long time to come. Instead, only too often it's just the beginning.

Your new car warranty should, free of charge, take care of eliminating any and all bugs in your costly new possession. But in thousands upon thousands of cases the warranty turns out to be worth less than the paper it is printed on.

New cars are delivered with an increasing number of defects and while manufacturers and dealers haggle over who should assume the costs of repairs, the consumer is caught in the middle holding his warranty—and the bag.

Last fall, William Rezek, a New York business executive, bought one of America's most powerful and glamorous cars at a cost of almost \$5,000. Within a few days he discovered that the motor misred, doors and dashboard rattled, the brakes caught and squeaked, the windows opened only with force, the radio was defective and the car leaked.

He complained, and left his car with the dealer. When he picked it up a week later, nothing had been repaired. He returned to the dealer, was told to finish breaking in the car, after which they would take care of everything. Two months later he brought back the car, left it with the

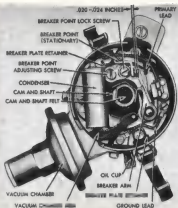
dealer for a week, then got it back once more in the same defective condition.

That incident is being repeated thousands of times all over the country, with different owners, different cars, different defects. Buyers are increasingly bitter about the faulty transmissions, carburetors and brakes, about the leaks and rattles, about the defective accessories paid for at fancy prices, and about the many other troubles encountered, once they take delivery on their shiny new cars.

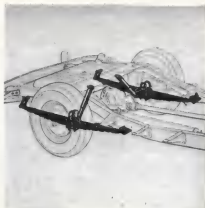
In New York City alone, the Better Business Bureau last year received 6,019 complaints from buyers of new cars who got no satisfaction on their warranties and lodged formal protests. Similarly, AAA chapters and dealers' associations all over the country have been bombarded with complaints from motorists seeking their intervention in getting dealers to correct faulty vehicles.

The loud chorus of protests has reached such violence that Seymour M. Lewis, general counsel of the Chicago Automobile Trade Association, found it necessary to warn dealers they would not guarantee cars themselves but leave any warranties to the manufacturers. Lawsuits against dealers by disgruntled car buyers are on the increase, Mr. Lewis revealed.

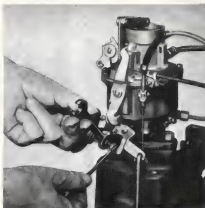
On the other hand, one of the largest manufacturers



Key to your car's timing is the distributor. See that it's set right.



Have your shock absorbers checked. They're vital to good roadability.



A too sudden closing of the throttle can cause stalling after high speeds.

sends letters to complaining buyers stating that warranties are not made by the factory but by the dealer. In line with this a Better Business Bureau official in one city told me about forwarding numerous complaints to manufacturers and receiving this stock answer:

"That car was no longer ours. We sold it to the dealer."

Fortunately, there are ways in which you can protect yourself against this "postwar" squeezeplay, but the basic situation is bad and is liable to become worse.

From my interviews with manufacturers, dealers and trade associations this is the sad picture that emerges:

1 One main reason for the bugs in new cars is that they aren't thoroughly tested by the manufacturers before delivery. A decade ago, an inspector relates, his factory tested every fourth car and also took cars off the assembly line at random for a 72-hour driving ordeal which would uncover any possible bugs developing on the production lines.

Now, more manufacturers have decentralized assembly, and the branch plants simply don't have the elaborate proving facilities of Detroit and other motor capitals. In some cases, testing amounts to no more than driving the car off the line and into the parking lot.

Apparently even external inspection is sometimes haphazard. At one big branch plant recently, a black sedan, actually came off the line with one yellow fender and stood there waiting to be loaded until somebody just happened to notice it. That's an exceptional boner, but it's not uncommon for cars to be delivered with the wrong spark plugs, or with carburetors in which vital passages were left undrilled.

Another reason for the skimpier testing is that there's

been a continual seller's market for six years with dealers and public demanding faster delivery. Every time production seemed to catch up, new emergencies arose to pressure the assembly lines: first the Korean war, then the recent threat of steel shortage.

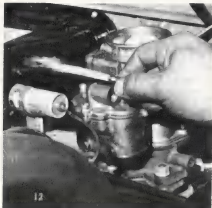
The car hunger and consequent factory speedup have also contributed to poor finishes. One buyer, following instructions to the letter, used no wax or soap for three months to give the paint a chance to harden. By then the finish was already ruined. He feels, naturally, that it's the manufacturer's responsibility to age the finish before delivery.

2 Dealers report they have much more work to do now to prepare a car for delivery. A decade ago, they did little else than polish the new cars. Now, various dealers have told me, at least eight to ten man hours are required to get a car in shape, even more if it is equipped with automatic transmission or other complicated accessories. There are some 40 potential defects a dealer should check to deliver a car in top condition. The dealer's complaint is that the \$35-\$40 he collects for preparing a moderate-priced car for delivery is far from adequate to cover all necessary adjustments.

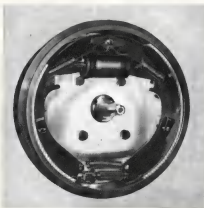
Thus preparation becomes skimpy. Then there's always a minority of less-scrupulous dealers who prefer to pocket the preparation charge completely and make no adjustments at all, if possible.

Dealers feel they aren't even paid enough for the vital 1,000 and 3,000-mile checkups. One leading manufacturer pays \$14 for the first check and \$7 for the second. But, dealers assert, most checkups take more time than allowed by these payments.

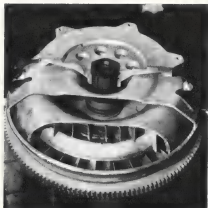
A faulty fuel pump is like a heart that won't circulate blood properly.



Poorly adjusted brakes wear out the lining and destroy the brake drums.



Automatic drives are costly to fix. Get yours set before warranty ends.





For leg art this is considered one of the classic poses. The muscles, free of tension, make for smooth-flowing lines.

CAMERAMAN'S HEAVEN

How would you like to have gorgeous models bowing to your every photographic whim? In Los Angeles, amateur photographers actually have such a cameraman's heaven—thanks to the enterprising imagination of Eddie Ouimet.

Engaged in the photo supply business, he discovered his inventory was moving at snail's pace at the end of World War II. What was needed was a gimmick, and Eddie came up with a bright one.

In the space behind his store building he set up headquarters for the only glamour workshop of its kind in the country and called it the Acme Model Club. Here, for student cameramen who purchase his photographic equipment, luscious models pose at special classes every night and on weekend afternoons. The most popular sessions are devoted to the body beautiful, at which amateurs learn the subtle tricks of catching anatomical curves. While some come to these classes for other purposes than art, the majority of the men are serious in their quest for good pictures.

By clever framing, student packs new life into a well-developed theme.



A useful gimmick for beach scene enthusiasts is this painted ocean on canvas.





At Acme you can indiscriminately shoot blondes, brunettes and redheads with full legal sanction.

Lovely Pat Cooper and a fast shutter combine to create this bird-like effect.



Pat looks fine after her flight through space; the legs look good, too.



I went in alone

**For six months I was king of the North Woods—
with danger my only companion and inexperience
my one enemy. And I still say that for one of
life's great adventures—try being a lone wolf**

By Rudolph Belarski

Illustrated by the Author

It was 20 below zero. There was no wind. Sometimes the night air was shattered by the crack of a frost-bitten tree. The ominous stillness around me was warning of the death that would follow if I were to make but one slip, one mistake.

I was alone in the Maine woods. It was three months since I had seen or talked to another human being. I was on my way out of St. John's Pond where I had been trapping, and all day long I had been breaking trail and dragging my sled. I started to pitch tent. Behind me was the small cabin in which I had lived, shut up and dark now. Ahead of me was a blanket of soft, deep snow—too soft. Into it I was plunging, out of it I had to make a trail over which I could pull my two sled loads 100 miles to the nearest railroad. My eventual destination was New York—and the art career I had left a half year before. But now I was thinking of things other than civilization. . . .

Wherever I looked I was surrounded by winter as few people know it, uncompromising and deadly. Yet I loved it! I loved every minute of the wild whiteness, the fierce purity, the bareness of the hardwood trees and the color of the half-buried evergreens.

Every man who has grown up with the love of the outdoors in his system dreams about such scenes and the day when he himself will be part of them. The dream generally starts 'way back with his first camping trip, the first '22, or with the excitement of trapping his first muskrat. Usually it includes a little log cabin on a running stream, or a quiet lake in some distant wilderness. With some of us it is a dream that has never been forgotten, and the urge to realize it is the driving force which often keeps us going at jobs which might otherwise be unbearable.

So for me the wilderness was something to love; it was my dream, and I was living it.

I began doing so over six months ago when, giving up my job as art instructor in one of the finest schools in the country, I feverishly started going through back numbers of outdoor magazines for information about life in the wilds.

My experience had been limited to camping as a boy. My hunting, too, wasn't much. I once killed a grouse with a '22 and once I trapped a skunk—but that's another story!

Armed mostly with Kephart's book on camping and woodcraft, I completed my preparations and, early in July, was on a train heading for Greenville, Maine, on Moose-



I was startled out of my wits by the exploding, snarling face that leaped out only inches from my own.

Belanski



This was my cabin, my fortress in the wilderness.

head Lake. Along with other stuff I had a radio, a Winchester repeating .22 and a 16 mm. movie camera. I had also ordered a dream canoe—15 feet long and weighing only 40 lbs. It was already waiting when I arrived. I had never been in a canoe before, and I marvelled at its shiny varnished ribs, and at the sleekness of its lines. I could hardly wait to put it into the water. I had visions of myself gliding effortlessly over miles and miles of spruce-lined lakes and streams. But this illusion was soon shattered. It seemed to steer everywhere but where I wanted it to go. And oh my aching arms! All that next week I must have been an amusing sight to the natives as I practiced paddling and tried to get that stroke I had read about.

In the meantime, I got acquainted with Saunders' outfitting store, which supplies most of the canoe trips that start at Moosehead Lake. Along with my groceries they gave me a great deal of practical advice.

My plan was to take a light outfit and spend a month or so in exploring along the headwaters of the west branch of the Penobscot, then cross over to the St. John river which, separated by a series of ridges, runs more or less parallel and can be reached over a three-mile portage. Later, if I liked the region, I would return with my winter supplies and stay until my trapping license ran out.

A small steamer took me the 40 miles to North East Carry. Here I hired a truck to take my outfit over to Seboomook dam. I was now on my own. My light outfit of a small tent, a pair of Hudson Bay blankets, a folding reflector baker, food—much of it dehydrated—and the routine stuff that goes to make up an outfit were packed into two Duluth pack sacks. These were put into the bow, which kept it down and made for easier paddling from the stern seat. Laboriously, I worked my way up this 12 mile body of water. Half-way up I met a fisherman and his guide. Noticing my painful handling of the canoe, the guide generously gave me a demonstration on the use of the paddle. After that it was amazing how I caught on.

It might be worthwhile here to explain how I was able to get around the law which states that a non-resident sportsman has to have a guide for traveling in these woods. In a talk with a game warden. I pointed out that I was a non-resident trapper, and there was no law requiring trappers to take along guides.

Weeks passed. Many little fires were built—aromatic incense of birch bark and spruce boughs. Meals were cooked—with delicious fresh trout as the specialty of the day. Miles of river, and shore and ridge were explored. Canoeing was easier, though my arm muscles still ached every night.

At Caucumogomoc Lake, over a panful of mushrooms that I was cooking, I made friends with Ray Henderson, the game warden. It was he who taught me how to run a rapid and how to pole up one. It was he, also, who told me of a way to get into the St. John's Pond country. I failed in my initial attempt because of the low water. From the head of this lake, on the private lumber road, he drove me down in his car to the trail which led straight into St. John's territory. With a light pack I hiked in and found a beautiful pond a half mile in width and two miles in length. The outlet looked exactly like the trout-fishing stream of

my boyhood days, and I felt at home immediately. I searched for and found the secret cabin he told me about. I walked around to the inlet and found it to be a sizable stream—slow and deep, winding around in numerous bends and a maze of alders. There were signs of muskrat and of mink. There were deer tracks and bear tracks, and even moose. There were also ducks and partridges. And oddly enough, no trapper operating in here. I found out why—later.

It happened that there was considerable bad feeling between the American and Canadian trappers, and this was the "No man's land" between them. The Canadians made it a practice of coming in across the border and illegally trapping beaver. A couple of years before, two game wardens, sent to make a check, were mysteriously shot and killed. Their bodies were found in neighboring Bog Lake; and the following year, several Canadian trappers who came across the border never returned to their villages. Luckily for me, the feud never erupted while I was there. The only sign of it was a hat I saw in the middle of the trail leading to the border. It had been fastened like a flag to an upright stick and clean through it was a bullet hole.

Ray Henderson ("Bill" to his friends) was a big help. Noting that I had no big-game rifle (frankly, I hadn't even thought of shooting anything big) Bill suggested I swap my radio for a .32-20 carbine that he had. Although this was not a big game rifle, it could bring down a deer.

After I procured my winter outfit, he made arrangements for me to be taken over a 12-mile railroad which was built for lumbering operations and which, starting about a half way up along Seboomook Lake, ended at one of the upper St. John ponds. From there a portage of about three miles would bring me into the navigable part of the river for an easy run of five miles down to the lower lake and that little cabin I found.

So, it was all set. Around the first of September my outfit of about 500 pounds of food, clothing, tools, and steel traps, was being loaded into a large freighter canoe with an outboard motor for the six mile run to the railroad. My little canoe trailed behind at the end of a rope.

The railroad trip was a short one, and, in about an hour, I was left alone with my 500 pounds of portage. Needless to say, I didn't carry it over on one trip! I divided it into ten trips—about a week's work in all. For a city guy this was pretty hard work, and the strain aggravated a physical ailment which made it actually painful. Then, as if that wasn't enough, I had to have an accident. While doing some frying, my elbow jammed into a stick and I overturned a pan full of hot fat all over my knee! The trousers were no protection and a large patch of skin came right off.

To stop the pain I plastered some clean mud over it, then later washed and bandaged it, but this did not help my walking any. However, somehow, I finally got all my stuff down to the cabin, and remembering that I had once read of a wounded knight who was healed with balsam, I sterilized a knife blade and proceeded to prick the little bulbs on the thin bark of those trees. I gathered enough to smear some bandages and with that sticky stuff covered the burn completely. It really helped.

I hoped, too, that rest would relieve the other condition—hemorrhoids. After a few days when they didn't improve, but became instead even more painful, I decided there was nothing else I could do but go back to Greenville and have the operation I had been advised to have before I left. So, with my stiff leg, which I had to lift with my hands over every log on the trail, and the sore "behind," I finally managed to cross the eight miles of woods to the Caucumogomoc road and then nine more to the lake and the war-

den's cabin. I did this in one day. Bill came to the rescue again and rushed me down to the hospital 80 miles away.

Two weeks later, after much coaxing, I persuaded the doctor to let me go back to the Pond. When I returned I found that my canoe, which I had hung up in some trees to keep it out of the reach of porcupines, had been pulled down. Fortunately it was not smashed. The pack left there was ripped open. Tracks around it showed it was the work of a bear. I became a little worried about my supplies in the cabin a mile and a half further along the shore. I paddled that distance furiously and, to my great relief, found the cabin untouched. That night it was a very contented would-be trapper who sat basking in the cheerful yellow glow of his kerosene lamp and listening to the crackle of the red hot tin stove.

Even so, I was anxious for the morning. There was so much to be done now. The next day I canoed to an abandoned lumber camp and, with careful picking, I was able to find enough boards to install a floor in the cabin and a new door—man height, because the old one was only a hole about three feet high. I had brought in also a pair of windows. These, too, needed much larger openings for installation. I surveyed my completed job with great satisfaction. A floor is such a wonderful luxury in the woods.

The duck and partridge season was now on. I had no shotgun, but one day when a flock of nearly a dozen blacks, bunched closely together, fed right up to the shore, I decided to try to get one with the .22. My bombardment, at 50 feet, sent them flying in all directions. Hopefully believing that maybe I didn't miss completely, I walked down to the edge of the water to look around. But all I found was a slippery rock which went out from under me, and I splashed into the drink—gun and all! I didn't mind the wetting, but I had to spend a full hour taking that gun apart and cleaning and drying it thoroughly. After that, I left the ducks alone.

The next day a bunch of partridges came through the clearing in front of the camp. It cost me 11 shots to finally kill one bird at the lousy distance of 15 feet.

Then and there, I realized I had to learn to shoot. Everywhere I went I took the .22 and shot at stumps, limbs, tiny hard-to-see objects, leaves and rocks, anything at all and at different ranges. Soon I was bringing in partridges: then I got to the stage where I couldn't miss, and only head shots were taken. The birds were plentiful and delicious eating. After a while I discovered that there were two kinds—the almost tame, sort of bluish spruce partridge and the wilder, white-meated grouse. The spruce partridges weren't bad eating at all during the early fall, when they were feeding on berries and the clover-like leaves in the swamps. But later, when the snows came, they tasted of spruce.

The warm days and the tang of frosty mornings put zest into both feeling and appetite. Every day in this richly golden, beautiful autumn was an adventure. One day it was paddling along with a swimming buck crossing the lake; on another it would be stumbling on fresh bear or moose tracks. Once I ran across an Albino porcupine, almost all white and with pink eyes, and I'll never forget watching an eagle on a stump tearing a large blue heron apart.

The lake now was beginning to fill with ducks. Sometimes there were thousands of them. At dusk, when I

paddled into a huge flock, they sounded like an express train as they flew over my head. Geese too, were coming in from the north, but with either of these my .22 was useless.

The leaves were all down now; the hardwoods were bare. Heavy frosts covered the morning shadows. Ice began to form. Then storms blew in. Indian Summer was over. Winds howled. Rain beat on the sturdy cabin roof. The days were gloomy, dark, and raw—a portent of things to come, of winter, of snow.

The weasel was beginning to turn white, and he was busily hauling and piling up the partridge carcasses. Which reminded me that it was also time for me to get in the big-meat supply. It was now cold enough for it to keep from spoiling. Though I was very fond of partridge, I wondered how venison would taste? Wondered if I would like it?

I was a good shot now. With the .22 I could cut off a walking grouse's head almost as cleanly as if it were done with a knife.

I began looking for a buck. I now had learned to stalk as quietly as any redskin. I was able to get to within 20 or 30 feet of a doe. But it was a buck I wanted, and as it gradually got colder I became anxious. It's odd how many bucks you can see when you don't want them and how scarce they become when you do. Then one day, while paddling up the inlet, I observed a massive antlered head feeding on the upper tip of alders. I tested the wind and glided silently to within about 25 feet of the deer.

I rose and waited for the head to reach up again. I was told to take only one kind of shot with my small 52-20; it had to be a facing one and right in the center of the neck. I was in exactly the right position for this, and I was so close I hardly dared to breathe. The head came up. I fired! There was a crash! I waited a full minute before I stepped out of the canoe, and with a pounding heart I made my way through the alders. I came upon one of the biggest bucks that I had ever seen. He was dead. (Continued on page 74)

I was so close to the buck I hardly dared breathe.
I had to get him. There were no ifs and buts about it.



The Terrible Bulls

A charging bull is like no other beast: his entire

being is bred for fury, dedicated to blind destruction.

It takes a great matador to turn this brute

force into a breath-taking ballet of death

By Daniel P. Mannix III





A bull can easily kill a lion. What he can do to a man is one of the fascinations of bullfighting.

The fighting bull is the most terrible living instrument for killing that man has ever developed. If you can imagine the desperate courage of a fighting cock instilled into a creature weighing close to half a ton, you have a faint idea of what nearly 800 years of careful breeding has been able to produce in the way of sudden death.

A fighting bull can easily kill a lion or a tiger and, in the Roman arena, bulls frequently killed elephants. He can turn like a polo pony and outrun a race horse for the first 25 yards. No one who has ever seen a bullfight can forget the moment when the red gate flies back and the bull bursts into the ring, his hide gleaming like black satin, the great hump of fighting muscle on his shoulders swollen with rage, and his wide horns gleaming smooth and polished and sharp.

No matter how skillful a matador is with a cape, he would be quickly killed if he did not know how a bull thinks. The greatest toreros have been men who loved bulls and spent most of their lives watching the noble brutes wandering free on ranches or fighting in the ring. The subject of bull psychology can never be exhausted, for no man can ever quite understand how an animal thinks. A bull's reasoning powers are so different from a human's that such terms as "stupid" or "intelligent" become meaningless.

No animal has more terrible weapons. The horns of a fighting bull are about two feet long, smooth as ivory, very sharp and astonishingly strong. A bull's horn will rip along the heavy wood of the barrier like a gouge and sometimes knock out a yard-long splinter that goes whistling across the ring like an arrow. Toreros like a bull's horns to point straight out in front of him, because then they will be downward when he lowers his head to charge. The most dangerous horns are set wide apart and pointing upwards. Bulls with horns curved inwards are safer to work with, for the matador will probably only be hit by a horn's side. But if the man is ever caught between them, he is finished—for every time the bull turns his head, one horn or the other is sure to gore. The bull understands this perfectly, and deliberately keeps his head moving.

The breeder of fighting bulls has a task a thousandfold more complicated than the breeder of race horses. The horse breeder worries only about physical perfection, but

the owner of a bull farm must also breed for mental traits. The most famous breeds of bulls in Mexico are the San Mateo, the Piedras Negras, the La Laguna and the La Punta. Each of these breeds has its own special mannerism which all bullfight fans learn to expect. One farm is famous for producing bulls that will charge straight and true but refuse to leave a man once they get him down. This makes them unpopular with matadors. Another breed is very brave, but tends to have too wide horns for good cape work. The owner is afraid if he tries to correct this fault by selective breeding, he may also lose the strain of courage. Some mental traits can be bred as surely as the color of the bulls' hides, while others are as elusive as genius. Pure courage is one of the hardest attributes to breed for consistently.

The bulls are raised on great, barren ranches. Before he goes into the ring, a bull must be as tough as rawhide, with every ounce of fat sweated off him. Instead of grazing knee-deep in pasture grass like beef cattle, the bulls travel miles every day for food and water. As the bulls are virtually wild animals and cannot be handled, this is the only way of exercising them.

Because of the power and ferocity of the animals, bull ranching would be impossible were it not for a strange mental quirk among cattle known as the "herd instinct." A herd of fighting bulls will graze peacefully in a field, held in by a few strands of barbed wire that a lone bull could snap as easily as string.

One afternoon at La Laguna, a group of bulls was being loaded into shipping crates to be sent to Mexico City and the arena. One bull broke out of the corral and suddenly found himself among the crowd of wealthy sportsmen, politicians, fight fans and society ladies who had driven out to watch the loading. An instant later the bull had the place to himself except for the line of parked cars that couldn't run. He trotted down the line and stopped beside a beautiful new Packard sedan. For some reason the bull decided he didn't like that particular car. Putting his horns under the running board, he gave a heave and twist with his neck and tossed the car over on its side. Then he proceeded systematically to demolish the Packard—smashing in the hood, sticking a horn into the engine, tearing off the fenders



It's the whirling movement of the matador's cape, not its color, which infuriates, fascinates, then hypnotizes the bull.



If the picador doesn't do a skillful job of lancing, the bull will ruthlessly rip him and the horse into bloody pieces.



The plunging of the steel-barbed banderillas into the bull's neck provokes him to a maddened, dangerous frenzy.



Bull-fighting bravado at its most dangerous and dramatic: the matador, on his knees, taunts the wild bull with insults.

and ripping the door loose. From a discreet distance the onlookers were throwing clods of earth at the bull to distract his attention, but he never looked up. He had begun to pull the stuffing out of the back seat when the herdsman came galloping up with a couple of steers. The bull promptly left the ruined car and eagerly trotted off with the steers, back to the corral and the "herd."

For centuries, foreigners who knew nothing about bulls have witnessed bullfights and have been puzzled by one phenomenon—why does a bull charge the cape instead of the man? These travelers could think of only one explanation. The capes are either red or pink and therefore the bulls must be infuriated by these colors and attack them. Actually bulls are color blind. To understand why the bull charges the cape, you must first know how a bull thinks.

Bulls are attracted by movement, not color. I have seen this demonstrated on the ranches by two men standing at opposite ends of a ring; one with a red cloth and the other with a piece of sack. The bull would charge impartially whichever cloth was waved. In a bull ring the bull attacks the cape rather than the man because he does not realize at first that they are two separate entities, and he sees the cape move. In his experience anything that moves is alive. On the ranches great care is taken to have the bulls herded

only by mounted men; so when a bull reaches the ring, he has never charged a man on foot before and does not know the difference between the torero and the cleverly manipulated cape.

Occasionally a bull that has had an opportunity to see cape work will enter the ring. This is because boys with ambitions to become toreros will steal out to the bull farms at night and fight the bulls with capes, coats or anything they can get. Naturally this is incredibly dangerous, and many a would-be matador has gasped out his life under the stars while his terrified schoolboy friends stood by, too frightened to make the *quite* (lure the bull away with their own capes).

Every ranch has special guards who patrol the fences to watch for these midnight fights. Apart from the danger to the boys, the bulls are ruined for the ring, for they need only a few amateur passes to learn all about the capes. As a child, Belmonte, the creator of modern bullfighting, used to swim across a river with his friends and fight bulls while stark naked. It has been said that Belmonte, as a boy, probably killed many a torero by educating the bulls to cape work.

When a bull first enters the ring, the matador's assistants try him out by running across the [Continued on page 64]

Now, the tensest moment of the bullfight. The matador is ready for the kill. But is the bull ready to die?



Death of a Rapist

This was revenge as few men know
it—murderous, perfect, swift

By Don Stanford

Illustrated by Paul Kresse

The captain had a thin sensitive face that hadn't been shaved in four days, and deep-set eyes now rimmed with the red of physical and nervous exhaustion, eyes that had for three years held a look of remembered pain too great to be borne without sign. He had lost his helmet in his wild plunge down the rocky Korean slope, and a lock of dark hair fell over his high narrow forehead as he bent, crouching, over the casualty. The back of the soldier's muddy shirt fluttered lightly with a long, shallow, irregular breath, and the captain turned his head and shouted, "Corpsman! Medic! Medic here!"

He waited, squatting on his heels and remembering to keep his head down, breathing in deep painful gasps, flinching as a rifle bullet ricocheted from a flat rock a scant four feet away, as a mortar shell crumped a little way down the slope. Lightly, with infinite gentleness, the captain laid his hand on the casualty's shoulder; a touch to let the man know he was not alone, that help was coming. He made no attempt to turn the man over or move him at all: the rapidly spreading blood stain on the earth beneath the body warned him against that.

High above, silhouetted momentarily against the bleak sky beyond the crest of the ridge, he saw the lone figure of the medic running, doubled over, in a frightened scramble to duck behind a rock. He saw a dozen simultaneous spurts of dust and mud from small-arms fire concentrated there; and then he saw the medic plunge out again, running down toward him a dozen frantic leaps before the small-arms fire hit the man in the middle with a visible, almost-audible impact and cut his legs out from under him, a lifeless bulk tumbling down the slope to disappear into a gully a dozen yards above where the captain crouched over the wounded soldier.

"Goddamn it!" the captain said aloud, and he said it with a whimper that was not profanity but a prayer for salvation of the medic and the destruction of the enemy who had cut him down. And his eyes blurred for an instant with tears before he glanced down again at the casualty and saw the rapidity with which the flow of the dark stain was spreading, and knew there was no time to lose, even though the stained shirt [Continued on page 77]

CAVALIER FICTION

Paul Kresse

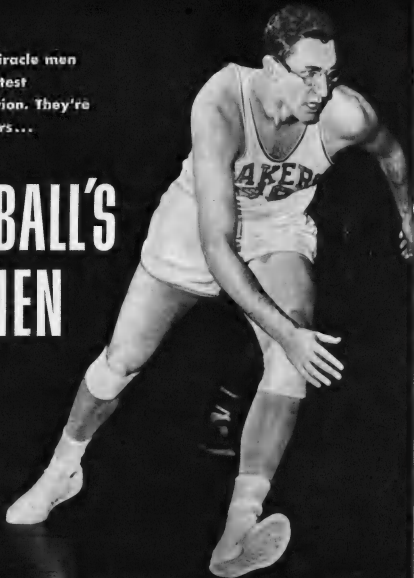


Like out of a nightmare they struck, first taking out the man, then pursuing on his girl

They call them the miracle men
of Minnesota, the hottest
pro quintet in the nation. They're
the Minneapolis Lakers...

BASKETBALL'S SUPERMEN

By Paul Gardner



Rantastic is the word for a group of giants whose amazing genius on the basketball courts is unmatched. Never before has a group of athletes captured the hearts and minds of the fans the way these boys have.

In the dead of last winter, with the temperature 20 degrees below zero and the snow piled nearly five feet deep in the Minneapolis area, a sudden call boomed over the radio. "Anybody who wants his car towed to the Lakers' game, please phone this number. . ."

Folks called. Folks, in sellout numbers, went to see the Minneapolis Lakers' team. Many were actually unable to return home for several days, so high were the drifts.

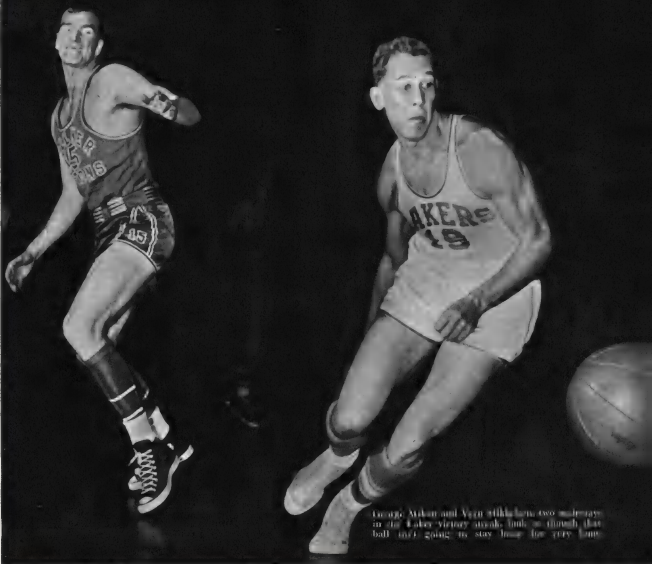
"But it will happen every time," asserts Ben Berger, president of the fabulously successful Lakers, "and part of our service is to provide tow cars."

Such catering is easier to understand if one fact is remembered: Minneapolis is the king city of professional basketball, with a collegiate enthusiasm, a cosmopolitan

outlook, and an idolization of its mammoth basketball players which translates itself into hard and happy cash.

Although the United States has approximately 85,000,000 paying basketball fans annually—the record for any paying sport—the game has never achieved the financial bedrock of baseball. Yet, in Minneapolis, they treat their Babe Ruth of basketball—the 6 foot, 10 inch, belligerent George Mikan—so well that he owns a \$75,000 home which bears some resemblance to Grand Central Station.

This does not come out of salary, precisely, as the \$25,000 or \$30,000 which Mikan garners in a year does not begin to compare with the \$100,000 of a Joe DiMaggio or the neat \$175,000 of a jockey like Eddie Arcaro. But the Lakers' keyed-up backers have bequeathed furnishings in wholesale lots. It takes considerable furnishings, too, for Mikan's 17-room house, where he lodges with his wife, Pat, and two small boys, requires, among other things, a special 9-foot long davenport upon which the giant may recline. But



George Mikan and Vern Riffe have two mulligans in the Lakers victory streak. Hint is though that ball isn't going to stay long for very long.

Laker fans get it for him wholesale, or for no sale at all.

The Laker situation is unique in that so many star players—who as a unit must be ranked with the Original Celtics among the greatest teams in the history of American basketball—are taken into the bosom of the community. Baseball and football players generally race back to their native heaths after a season, but the Lakers settle in and around Minneapolis. Jim Pollard roamed east in a covered auto wagon to quickly establish himself in Minnesota. So did the peppery defensive guard, Slater Martin of Texas. Mikan uprooted himself from Joliet, Illinois where, as a small boy, he had been marble champion of the county and had posed for a picture with Babe Ruth. Pep Saul checked in from New Jersey, Bob Harrison from Toledo. The reasons are obvious.

"They ran a night for me last year," says Pollard, "and I told them that I didn't want any money. Why should a fan who's making a small salary contribute to me?"

Pollard wound up with a television set, a luxurious chair, a waffle iron, silk shirts and other knick-knacks. No money, just presents.

Most extraordinary about Minneapolis fans is that they are not "homers," such as can be found in many sections, quite notably Syracuse. A Minneapolis crowd, crazy as it may be about its players, will cheer a good play to the hilt, whoever makes it.

"Bob Davies of the Rochester Royals attempted one of the greatest plays I ever saw in basketball last season," recalls the practically unknown Lakers' coach, John Kundla. "Their team was trailing by two points and there were two seconds to play. They had the ball out at their end of the court. If anybody in bounds touched the ball time would be on, and the game would have been all over.

"Know what Davies did? After his team took two times out to figure out strategy, he threw the ball, one-handed, the entire length of the court—about 90 feet. The ball

hit the backboard, which was the plan, and it was supposed to ricochet off to either Arnie Reisen or Art Hannum. They would tap it in simultaneously and no time would be lost. The ball missed Hannum's outstretched fingers by inches and the try failed. But the way the crowd cheered, you would have thought it was the Lakers."

Many people are still under the impression that Minneapolis remains solely the home of Paul Bunyan, Bronco Nagurski and stomping Gopher football teams composed of brawny Scandinavian farmer boys who point with their ploughs when they indicate a direction. Minnesota is still football-conscious, but the days of Bierman's mighty invincibles at the University are gone. Many high school coaches complain that the huskies switch to basketball rather than football, and sometimes they cannot lure enough athletes out for an eleven.

This is in keeping with the athletic team trend in the high schools which, more and more, has been veering sharply to basketball. At present, 96 per cent of America's high schools flaunt varsity basketball teams, 48 per cent football teams, and 41 per cent baseball squads. Minnesota itself is so basketball daft that proportionately more teams play in the high school tournament of that state than in the classic hotbed of Indiana. But it isn't only the newer generation who back the Lakers.

"I've never seen so many folks of sixty and seventy years of age at games," declares Mikan. "Not only that but the women really come out."

The women weren't coming out at the beginning of professional basketball in Minneapolis in 1947. Or if they did, many of the ladies were not exactly hep. One demanded after an early game, "I don't see why they should want to throw the ball in the basket. It comes right out again."

But it wasn't long before she knew all the techniques. The Lakers created an impact which seeped through to all levels. When you win four out of five of the national professional championships, when you whip the Harlem Globetrotters five straight times, after losing two, and when you develop in Mikan, Pollard and Vern Mikkelsen the strongest one-two-three punch in contemporary basketball annals, it's easy to make an impression. People in Minnesota will mush through the snow to see you and, if necessary, bring their own igloos.

While the Lakers have drawn over 1,250,000 spectators who paid that many dollars to watch them in five years, the beginning of the venture was inauspicious.

Ben Berger, who owns theatres, real estate, movie booking agencies and a cafe, was, along with restaurateur Max Winter and ice show proprietor Morris Chalfen, persuaded to put up money to buy a professional basketball franchise for Minneapolis.

"I reasoned that sports is a habit," says Berger, "and that you have to make a study of it to keep interested. I thought that pro basketball would be a natural follow-up on the high school and college interest."

When Berger cornered Max Podolof, then president of the now defunct Basketball Association of America, and told him that he had bought the Detroit franchise and could Minneapolis please be in his league, Podolof politely replied, "People won't travel under those conditions—and that far—for pro basketball."

So the Lakers, given that name in a promotion contest entered the rival National Basketball League.

Podolof, currently head of the National Basketball As-

sociation—the game's present reigning body—could scarcely be blamed for being slightly dubious. The Detroit Gems had won 4 and lost 40 in halls so empty that the players often caught cold from the draft.

It was up to Minneapolis to buy itself a whole new club under conditions in which little help could be expected from the rest of the league.

In pro baseball the visiting team gets 25 cents on each turn of the stiles, whether it is for box seat or the bleachers. So it is that the St. Louis Browns and other weak sisters are helped by the more popular squads. In football, the visitors get 40 per cent after deductions for rental, the league share and admission taxes. But in pro basketball the visiting team pays all its own expenses, while the home team takes all the gate receipts. It is absolutely essential that a team flourish at home if it is to be able to visit in style for half of the 68 games on the regular schedule. At home, in the arduous Minnesota Winter, the Lakers had an arena with a capacity of nearly 10,000 to fill.

The Minneapolis backers were satisfied, after an exhibition between Oshkosh and Sheboygan at the auditorium drew \$4,000, that pro basketball might catch on in Minneapolis. But they spent \$45,000 before they gathered any semblance of the team which was to blast its way through professional basketball. And they came up with an outfit which was reminiscent in its way of the football Gophers—a roaring strong unit which belies the statement of skeptics that basketball is for sissies.

"Once, when we were playing Syracuse," says Pollard, "Mikan bent down to pick up a ball. Three Syracuse men, all arms, flanked him, including one 220-pounder six inches short of seven feet. George strained, managed to come up all the way while they dropped off like flies, and scored. I saw it happen."

Mikan, who plays with glasses because he is nearsighted—he almost lost his sight in a boyhood accident—is one of those rare Goliaths who enjoys body contact.

"He is a marvellous physical specimen," says Pollard who has played closer to him than any man. "Night after night he takes a tremendous beating under the boards because he is in the middle of so many defensive plays. He does great things because of his height and strength and guys can't stop him the way he's playing—so why should he change?"

They may not stop him but they certainly try, even to the extent of changing the basketball rules. In his final year at DePaul University in Chicago, where he was the highest college scorer in the country with an average of 23.2 points a game (he once scored 53 for a Madison Square Garden record), the National Collegiate Athletic Association introduced a rule against "goal-tending." Mikan, it developed, could prevent many a shot from even reaching the basket.

Then, last year, the professionals introduced the 12-foot lane rule. Colleges use the 6-foot lane. In the pro game, no player—with or without the ball, mind you—can stay for more than three seconds in an area six feet on each side of the basket and extending from the end line to the foul line. Otherwise, his team gives up possession of the ball. This is designed to take away from the height advantages of a giant. But Mikan is no ordinary giant. He maintained a 23.8 point per game average in 1951-52—second only to the 25.4 of Paul Arizin of the Philadelphia Warriors—and again led the Lakers to the title.



John Kundla, Lakers' mastermind, has coached them to four championships.

Rival coaches stay up far into the night plotting defenses for the 29-year-old Mikan, who holds most of the scoring marks in the book. He can be as aggressive as he is huge for he refuses to admit defeat under any circumstances. In one game in which Minneapolis trailed by 18 points, with less than three minutes to go, coach Kundla wanted to take Mikan out in order to rest him. You can become mighty tired before a pro basketball season runs out on you, but George bellowed to Kundla, "Why take me out now? We can still win."

P.S. They didn't, but it gives you an idea of what it feels like when one is in there with an enraged Mikan. He is that intense in every objective. When he took three days of bar exams this past summer at the University of Minnesota—George had flunked twice previously—there was scarcely any talking to him. But one got the idea that George would pass eventually and the future for him would be from basketball court to law court. (He also owns a few gasoline filling stations in case of a tie.)

Mikan is extremely devout and crosses himself before he tries a foul shot. One night, just before Mikan was about to shoot, opponent Bob Ferrick, now Santa Clara University coach, then with the Washington Capitols, also crossed himself, stuck his face out in front of big George and said, "There! I counteracted you. What are you going to do now."

George sank the foul.

It requires something more than prayer to thwart this All-time, All-American. He is so popular in Minneapolis that when they had a parade of champions last November—and the champions included Bobby Thomson of the Giants, Jersey Joe Walcott and footballer Doak Walker—it was Mikan who won most of the acclaim.

In the last few years teams have been using the sagging defense, also known as the floating or collapsing defense, for Mikan. It boils down to a situation where three or four men literally surround Mikan when he gets the ball. Rather than give him two points from the inside, they prefer to force the Lakers to shoot from the outside. The first time this defense was used effectively was by the University of Minnesota back in Mikan's college days with De Paul. Dave MacMillan, now assistant to Kundla with the Lakers, was then coach of Minnesota.

"I'll never forget that game," smiles MacMillan, "especially one play. Don Carlson landed on top of Mikan and he yelled innocently, 'George get off me, I want to get up and play ball.' Actually, he was preventing Mikan from arising as George would have stopped a fast break play."

Rival teams try to speed up the game against the Minneapolis giants while, conversely, the Lakers seek to slow it down. When other teams start sagging Mikan, coach Kundla has devised plays for his other two stars—Pollard and Mikkelsen.

"That front line of ours is the key to our victories," says Kundla, "because they get two out of three rebounds, the secret of victory in basketball. Whereas another team will get one shot, we will get two more often than not."

Pollard, on any other team, would be an All-time, All-American himself. Although a comparative pygmy of 6 feet, 5 inches, he can leap so high that he is alleged to have scraped his elbows on the hoop.

He was the first man brought in by the Lakers, who had heard of his prodigious performances at Stanford University and with the Oakland Bittners. Mikan, who had been playing with a Chicago team whose league passed out of existence, was the fourth man on the original Lakers. Pollard and Mikan, incidentally, are the only holdovers from the first team. One of the original team, Don Smith, is now a Minneapolis cop so, it must be emphasized, guys will stay on in Minneapolis, willy-nilly.

When they started, the Lakers had no such scouting organization as they boast today.

"We have scouts all over the country, even as far as Hawaii," says general manager Max Winter. "We keep in touch with college coaches and, [Continued on page 80]



That's it, fooled by Jim Pollard's mickups. Look. When he shoots, there still must put

FOR TOP VIRILITY

DON'T be your own doctor. Self-medication is dangerous. This is particularly true of the hormone pills that are being pushed in certain states by unscrupulous pill-peddlers. Used without a doctor's supervision, testosterone can actually weaken potency and lead to sterility. It speeds up prostate cancer and can be deadly for men with high blood pressure or heart trouble.

DON'T fall for aphrodisiacs. They are usually useless, sometimes fatal. "Spanish fly" or cantharides, the best-known, is a caustic powder made of dried, pulverized beetles that inflames the urogenital passages, giving momentary excitation. It has caused several deaths.

Drugs like marijuana and hashish will, in the beginning, bring on wild sex fantasies. But in the end they kill all desire, bring on sterility.

DON'T emulate Diamond Jim Brady. Excessive eating or drinking can wreak havoc with your libido. A highball or two is fine for relaxing, but too much alcohol has a depressing effect, dulling the senses.

DON'T be alarmed to find yourself tapering your love life to half of what it was ten years ago. Then, you breezed through three sets of tennis; now, you wheeze through one. Slow-down is perfectly normal, has nothing to do with impotence.

DON'T drive yourself at the wrong times, just to prove something. A tired frame is ten times tougher to buck than old age.

DON'T drag your job or personal worries to bed with you. They are the best shortcuts to temporary impotence.

DON'T be a slave of routine. Following a timetable for love will sour any romance.

DO study your own capacity and make the most of it. Quality, not quantity, is the secret of happy sex living.

DO give yourself the benefits you'd give your car. Visit your doctor for complete periodic check-ups. You may need vitamins, or salt, or a straight warning to slow down and relax. General body health is essential to normal sex vitality.

DO take action about your state of mind. Continuous worry, tension, fear or anxiety may mean you are ill just as surely as though you had a broken arm or a stomach ulcer. Speak frankly to your doctor. He may help you to break down the problem yourself, or refer you to a specialist.

DO learn to seize each legitimate opportunity as it arises. Remember: an attractive woman is the world's best aphrodisiac!

Are YOU

By Eric Northrup

When sex rears her tempting torso, countless men have a tendency to split personality. They either want to hurl themselves unceremoniously at the love object—à la Harpo Marx—or flee in terror to the hills, like L'il Abner. Both of these desires are buried deep in primitive masculine psychology which we cannot escape.

But the sexually fulfilled male is not dominated by either of these impulses. He wastes no time on futile chase and laughs away all morbid fears. Sex for him is an exciting, challenging event; it is a tense and tender contest, fought under conditions of intolerable suspense, for a prize that is the keenest sensual experience known to man.

Ever since the first phallic symbol in wood or stone thrust itself proudly against a prehistoric sky, men have searched zealously for a wonder substance or a charm to secure eternal virility. Primitive medicine provides an endless list of herbs, drugs, animal extracts and condiments, spiked with black magic and sorcery, that were guaranteed to lift the flagging libidos of Egyptian, Roman, Chinese, Sumerian and Turkish potentates.

Ancient love remedies are solemnly supported to this very day. Tomatoes, called "love apples," are still highly valued as aphrodisiacs in many countries. In the United States, the seafood industry is well bolstered by would-be rakes and wretched husbands who stuff themselves hopefully with oysters. Millions of dollars a year are spent on mail-order and over-the-counter pastes, pills, tonics and hormones that promise to "Revive and Restore the VITAL Organs," "Rejuvenate GLANDULAR Activities" and help the buyer to "Grab Hold of Your YOUTHfulness!" Men willingly submit to "electrotherapy" and "radioscopy" and gird themselves with all sorts of weird and painful harnesses to avoid the mortification of sexual failure.

Do any of these things work? Medical specialists agree that of the umpteen thousand aphrodisiac agents known to man, not one can be called a bona fide cure

Getting the Most Out of SEX?

Torturing doubts and secret fears are needless.

Here are the facts every man should have—in language no man can misunderstand

for sexual decline. Most of them are totally useless, many injurious, some will cause sterility and death.

Yet doctors and psychologists agree that *nine out of ten men who are deeply concerned about their sexual potency can be spurred back to active, zestful sex living.*

If you are the worrisome sort, or simply out for self-improvement, then step up closer, for we are about to discuss a few intimate problems.

Psychiatrists tell us that four out of ten American males cannot face the prospect of sex with anything like enjoyment. This huge section of our masculine population lives in perpetual fear of that ultimate humiliation we all prefer to whisper about—*impotence.*

A cartoonist I know likes to illustrate this sad condition. He crowds his private drawings with pot-bellied, knock-kneed little men who wander around, naked and futile, among a riotous colony of big-breasted, man-hungry females. The drawings can be hilariously funny, or coldly depressing—according to who looks at them.

There is no fear more oppressive, more paralyzing than the fear of wanting manhood. The impotent male has a triple load to carry. He must face up to his wife, his community, and himself. And the American community, with its strip-tease ballyhoo of plunging necklines, naked midriffs and bouncy bottoms, demands, like the best of primitive jungle societies, that its men be always ready and virile.

Fear of impotence presents a bigger problem for our male population than impotence itself. Statistically speaking, total sexual insufficiency hits only a small minority of men. The figures of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, based on a detailed analysis of the sexual behavior of 15,868 American males, reveal impotency percentages ranging from 0.1% in the twenty-year age group, to 27% in the seventy-year age level. Fifty-five year olds, this study shows, have only 6 1/2% of impotents!

But the fear of impotence, provoked by many factors that help to upset balanced sexual relations, does cause a good portion of normally endowed males between the ages of twenty-five and forty, to fall into temporary sexual maladjustments easily confused with impotence.

Impotence, quite simply, means failure to complete the sex act for any of the following reasons: Inability to achieve or maintain erection, to effect penetration, or to reach a climax. Although the terms are often used interchangeably, sterility bears no relationship to impotence. A man may be only an occasional success as a lover, yet breed fifteen children. Or he may preen himself upon his super-virility, yet be unable to sire a single offspring.

The first place to head for when virility lags is the family doctor. He may keep a weather eye open for emotional upsets. But his first attention will be upon possible physical causes. They are easier to find, quicker to dispose of.

General good health is a number one prerequisite of vigorous sex activity. Nervous tension and fatigue can pull performance way down. The man who constantly complains of being "too tired" can blame his way of life, not his sexual activity, for this condition. Dr. Abraham Stone, the noted urologist, says "Normal sexual intercourse is not exhausting. Often it is revivifying."

Malnutrition, hidden or obvious, is a major cause of amatory decline. Dr. Ancel Keyes, head of the University of Minnesota's famous "Starvation Project," reports that thirty-six college-age males who starved for six months on a controlled low-caloried diet, showed marked loss of sexual energy during that period. They began to feel "old," lost all interest in dating, and worried constantly about losing their manhood. These findings check with those obtained by Drs. William Jacobs and Joseph Klatzkin from former American prisoners of Japan, four months after these men had been released from their encampments.

New techniques of vitamin [Continued on page 76]

Get me a gun

The sheriff knew it; the whole town knew it: If you wanted to live, you listened when Cassidy spoke. Then one man decided it was time to turn deaf

By Philip Ketchum

Illustrated by Norton Stewart

About three weeks after Fenner arrived in San Esteban and went to work in Meyers' Grocery, Henry Meyers came down with a bad cold and Doc Stockton put him to bed. This meant that Sarah Meyers had to stay home to look after him and Fenner was left alone to run the grocery.

He was a small man, thin, stoopshouldered, and about forty. He probably had another name besides Fenner, but no one seemed to know it. When Sheriff Ed Soderman casually asked Henry Meyers about Fenner's background, he drew a blank.

"To be honest, Ed, I don't know much about him," the grocer admitted. "He just came in one day and asked for work, said he knew the business. I think he's from the East somewhere, but he never talks much about himself."

"You reckon he can run the store for a while, huh?"

"He's going to have to, until Doc Stockton lets me up."

"You figure he's honest?"

"As honest as most men, probably."

"I'll keep an eye on him, Henry," said the sheriff. "Maybe I'll have a talk with him, too."

The sheriff did have a talk with Fenner that same evening. The store had closed when he got there, but he could see Fenner through the window, sweeping up, and when he knocked

on the door Fenner unbolted it and let him in.

"I didn't expect any more customers tonight," Fenner said.

"I'm not a customer, exactly," said the sheriff. "I wanted to ask you a few questions."

If Fenner was surprised, he didn't show it. He led the way to the back of the store where one of the two lamps was burning. He sank down in a chair, leaned back in it. He folded his hands together, thin hands, small, boney, calloused. He looked up at the sheriff and a brief smile touched his lips. He said, "Fire when ready, Mr. Soderman."

Ed Soderman chuckled, aware of a sudden liking for this man whom he had hardly noticed until today. "It's all in the line of duty," he answered. "Quite suddenly, Fenner, you're left in charge of the only grocery we have in town and it seems we don't know anything about you."

"What would you like to know?" asked Fenner.

"You might tell me a little about yourself. What you did before you came here."

Again that smile touched Fenner's lips. "I'm a grocer, sheriff. My father was a grocer. He had a store in Cleveland, a small neighborhood store on the outside of town. I worked for him as a boy. When he died, the store was mine. It was mine until two years ago."

"We mean business, Fenner," the big man said, and his fist whipped forward and caught Fenner in the face, knocking him against the boxes.



Stewart³³

"What happened two years ago?"

"Two years ago . . . my wife went away."

There was a slight change in Fenner's tone, an almost imperceptible change.

"Another man?" asked the sheriff.

Fenner nodded. He pulled his hands apart, then laced them together once more. He was staring straight ahead now, not looking up at Soderman. And Soderman was suddenly feeling ill at ease, half wishing that he hadn't started this talk.

"I sold the store," said Fenner after a moment. "I tried to find her. I never did. When my money ran out I went to work again. In Dallas, Kansas City, Denver, and in other towns, places like San Esteban. Always in grocery stores. I feel at home in a grocery."

Soderman cleared his throat. "Are you still looking for her?"

Again, Fenner was silent for a moment. When he spoke, his voice sounded puzzled. "In a way I suppose I am, but I'm probably more lost now than she is. This is a big country."

Ed Soderman lit his pipe and stood sucking on it for a time, and scowling. He finally dropped his hand on Fenner's shoulder. "I reckon you can manage things here for a while," he mumbled. "If you run into trouble, let me know. . . ."

The cold which had put Henry Meyers to bed, grew worse. It developed into pneumonia, and for a while it looked as though Meyers would never be up again. Then, as he weathered the crisis and started improving, it became apparent that it would be a long time before he could go back to work.

Fenner, during this period, kept busy at the store, making his report to Sarah late each night. He didn't seem to mind the heavy work, or the long hours. Actually, he enjoyed it, the filling of orders, the talk that went on across the counter. It carried him back to the days when he had run a store of his own. This was particularly true because the burden of running the store was on his shoulders, alone. A few problems he took to Sarah. But not many. After all, he was a groceryman. He knew the business.

Early one evening, and just as he was ready to close up, Dan Cassidy came to the store. Cassidy was a big man, tall, broad-shouldered, heavy, and usually jovial though he wasn't smiling tonight. He ran cattle north of Four Mile creek. His outfit was one of the largest in the San Esteban country. The weekly order which Fenner put up for Cassidy's ranch was the biggest he handled, and Cassidy never quibbled over the price or questioned it.

"I want to talk to you for a minute, Fenner," said Cassidy as he closed the door and stood against it.

"Was something wrong with your order?" asked Fenner, puzzled.

"No, it had nothing to do with our order. It's about another order. An order you filled for a man named Keegan, three days ago. Remember him?"

Fenner nodded his head. He remembered Keegan quite well. A thin, tired-looking man with leathery skin and pale blue eyes. Keegan had taken a long time over his order, carefully computing the price of each item on his list, and finally striking off several things he had hoped to buy. Keegan hadn't said so, but Fenner knew that the man hadn't had the money to get everything he wanted. A groceryman learns to recognize such things.

"You're new to this country, aren't you?" said Cassidy.

"Yes," said Fenner. "I haven't been here long."

Cassidy drew a cigar from his pocket. He bit off the end and lit it, clamped it firmly between his teeth and started talking around it. "This is a cattle country, Fenner. It'll never be anything else. It doesn't have the water for farming. There's water here and there, of course, and farmers could settle near the water and choke it off for their crops, but if we permitted that, a million acres we run

cattle on would be worthless, and those of us who pioneered this country would be driven to the wall."

Fenner said nothing but he was beginning to feel uneasy.

"Three families have moved in and settled on Four Mile creek," Cassidy continued. "They've filed their homestead claims. By law, they've got a perfect right to stay there, but the law doesn't say we've got to help them stay there. Cattlemen built this country, built this town. We don't have to destroy ourselves. That makes sense, doesn't it?"

"At least to another cattleman," said Fenner.

Cassidy moved suddenly forward. "I don't get what you mean?"

"And I don't know what you mean, Mr. Cassidy," said Fenner. "What do I have to do with this?"

"You run a store, don't you?" said Cassidy.

Fenner nodded.

"The only store in town. A cattleman's town. All right, if the men squatting on Four Mile creek want supplies, let them go somewhere else. Let them wagon in supplies or build their own town. What's wrong with that?"

"You mean I'm not to sell supplies to the families on Four Mile creek?" asked Fenner. "Is that it, Mr. Cassidy?"

"That's it, exactly," said Cassidy.

Fenner was frowning. He brushed his fingers through his hair, hair which was beginning to thin. He had never before faced a problem quite like this one. He wondered what Henry Meyers would have said to Cassidy, then decided abruptly that Meyers, being a groceryman, could have given only one answer.

"Well?" asked Cassidy.

"You've never run a grocery, have you?" said Fenner. "Running a grocery isn't just a matter of selling food. My father used to call it a service. People can't get along very well without food. You could close the saloons here in town, or the hardware store, the barber shop, even the post office, and it wouldn't make too much difference. But to close the grocery would be a calamity. And as long as I work here, this grocery will be closed to no one."

Cassidy took another step forward. He towered above Fenner but Fenner didn't back away, although his knees felt a little wobbly and he was suddenly short of breath and not quite sure what was going to happen.

"So that's your answer," said Cassidy.

"Yes," said Fenner. "That's my answer."

Cassidy took his cigar from his mouth. His face was flushed, angry. Fenner half expected to be hit, but nothing like that happened. Instead, Cassidy jerked around and moved back to the door. He stopped when he got there and looked again at Fenner.

"Just remember, you don't own this place," he said heavily.

"Neither do you," said Fenner.

After Cassidy left, Fenner bolted the door and started sweeping up, working at the job almost mechanically, and considering what Cassidy had said, and what it might mean. He had heard talk of the homesteaders who had moved in on Four Mile creek. He had heard men say they wouldn't stay long, that Cassidy wouldn't put up with it. He had heard that the sheriff had warned Cassidy not to try anything crude in his dealings with the homesteaders, but he had also heard that the sheriff, a former cattleman himself, wouldn't interfere in what happened to the homesteaders unless he had to.

"I suppose that cutting off their supplies comes under not being too crude," said Fenner, half aloud. "But they can't really expect me to do a thing like that. It's fifty miles to the next town, too far to have to go for groceries."

He went on with his sweeping. It occurred to him that Cassidy might go to see Henry Meyers in spite of the fact that Meyers was still pretty weak. But that possibility didn't bother him too much. Meyers, he was sure, would have answered as he did. They had picked on him because he was new here. And perhaps because he wasn't a very big

man, and couldn't be expected to know the issues very well, and might be impressed by a person of Cassidy's standing.

A sudden hammering on the door interrupted Fenner's thoughts. He set his broom aside and walked to the front of the store. Through the window he could see the bulky figures of two men on the porch, two men who probably needed something and hadn't been able to make it to town before he had closed. There were often late customers. It was Fenner's policy to accommodate them if he was still here when they arrived. He unbolted and opened the door.

"We need a few things, Fenner," said the first man to enter. "Glad we caught you before you left."

"I'd have been here for another half hour," said Fenner. "What do you want?"

"Bacon, beans, some flour," the man answered. "Stuff like that."

The man speaking was a stranger to Fenner, and so was the man who had followed him in. They were both big fellows, wide shouldered, thirty or maybe a few years older. Fenner turned and led the way back to the counter where he had his order book. Just as he reached it he felt something prod him in the back and he guessed instantly what it was. A gun. He jerked a quick look over his shoulder.

"Keep on walking," said the man behind him. "We'll go back to the storeroom."

"But if you want something," Fenner started, "I'll have to—"

"I said, back to the storeroom," the man repeated, his voice harsh. And again the gun prodded sharply into Fenner's back.

It was Fenner's first thought that this was a hold-up, and he mentally calculated how much Henry Meyers stood to lose. When they got to the storeroom, however, the man who had forced him there put his gun away. And his words were a complete surprise.

"Fenner, we're a cattlemen's committee. We understand Dan Cassidy had a talk with you a little while ago. He asked you to do something. You refused. Is that right?"

Fenner stared at the man and then at his companion. Both had been drinking. He could smell it on their breath, see it in their flushed faces and in the violent look in their eyes. He doubted that these two men were any regularly appointed committee. Cassidy must have sent them.

"We're waiting for your answer, Fenner," said the man who was doing the talking. "Are you stringing along with the cattlemen, or with the squatters? Make up your mind."

Fenner moistened his lips. "This is a grocery store. It serves the community. When a man comes in here I don't ask—"

"That's enough, Fenner," interrupted the man. "I guess we'll have to show you we mean business. Go ahead, Lou."

The other man stepped suddenly forward. His fist shot out and caught Fenner in the stomach, almost doubling him over, and as he half fell forward, another blow whipped up into his face. Bright specks of light danced in front of Fenner's eyes. He staggered against a pile of boxes, fell to the floor, rolled over and tried to get up. Someone helped him, and then, while he—*[Continued on page 72]*



Fenner stared hard at Cassidy standing by the bar. "I've got a gun now," he said. "Nobody pushes me around."





My kayak easily hit a speed of 40 miles per hour as it plunged down the Upper Granite Falls of the Colorado.

I TAMED THE WORLD'S WORST RIVER

**My one ambition was to be the first man to ride
the raging Colorado in a kayak. What I didn't bargain for
was doing it under water half the time**

By Alexander "Zee" Grant, Jr.

The old time river rats told me that I wouldn't have a chance; that if I insisted on suicide I should try a gun, it would be quicker and neater.

The editors of the *Denver Post* suggested to the state police that they stop me from an escapade which was sure death. The *Los Angeles Times* advised their readers that they would follow the trip, but didn't believe I could possibly make it. My own family seriously considered having me committed for mental observation, but I went ahead with my plans anyway.

I wanted to be the first man to "run" the torturous, treacherous, raging Colorado River in a one-man kayak.

I already had an international reputation for navigating rapids, having gone down the most dangerous rivers of Europe and the Continent. I was holder of the National Whitewater Championship and had paddled some of the trickiest rock-studded streams of the Western World. So it wasn't glory alone which I sought. It was much more. I wanted to prove a point. I wanted to prove that it was possible for a single man to navigate the



The Author

world's worst waterway in a light boat—and live to tell about it.

The Colorado drops more than 4000 feet from its head waters in Wyoming to Lake Mead, Arizona. The tremendous flood is concentrated in three canyons: Lodore, Cataract, and the Grand. The last is by far and away the most dangerous. It was through the 284 miles of the Grand that I determined to make my run.

In all history, 16 men had passed through it before me—all of them in huge, clumsy barge type row boats. As many more had drowned in the attempt. But no one had ever made it in the light kayak-type, folding boat which I proposed to use.

The great size of the river—its bottom is studded with huge boulders washed from a hundred side canyons to form a series of death dealing cataracts—combined with its mile high sides, which prevent any possible escape in case of an accident, has given the Grand a formidable reputation which has frightened off the most intrepid explorers.

Until Major John Wesley Powell formed his government sponsored expedition in 1869, no man had ever

Designing her for Canyon navigation, I lined the sides of my 16½ foot kayak with sponsons for added stability.



gone down the river. Following his successful feat, the Brown-Stanton Expedition, sponsored by the Denver, Colorado Canyon and Pacific Railroad, twice attempted to run the rapids in order to make official survey maps. The first expedition failed completely, and on the second in 1898, Brown lost his life. In 1937, Buzz Hostrom made the first trip down alone, in a huge flat bottom boat.

For the trip, I designed a special boat which I had built to my own plans. She was 16½ feet long, 2½ at her center beam, and weighed all of 80 pounds. Her bow and stern were made bulbous for greater buoyancy, for added sheer and greater strength. I lined her sides with huge sponsons, made from inner tubes off of New York's Fifth Avenue buses. They weighed 25 pounds apiece and provided additional stability.

Just before I was ready to start my expedition, I learned that Norman Nevills of Medicine Hat, Utah, who was killed recently in a plane crash, was also planning an expedition down the canyon in his specially built cataraact-type wooden boats, which each carried two to three men. I contacted him and we agreed to meet in early July at Lee's Ferry. The idea was for Nevills to follow me down and take pictures along the way.

The first question he asked when we met was, "Well, where's your boat?" I nodded at two heavy canvas-covered bags at my feet. "Right here," I said.

He looked shocked. And then I went on to explain that my craft, the *Escalante*, was a canvas-covered folding boat over a hickory frame.

It wasn't until two days later, when I set up the boat at the foot of the steep road leading to the river bank from Navajo Bridge, and had attached a cloth spray deck and two V-shaped boards as a wave splitter, that I was able to convince Nevills I was seriously going to make the attempt.

We started out at daybreak on July fifteenth, Norm Nevills' party planning to keep to themselves; I was to make up a separate expedition.

I carried enough food sealed in watertight tins to last me a month, though the trip was only supposed to last 15 days. I also had a flashlight, matches, a compass and a first aid kit. There was still enough room left over for extra huge inner tubes and five large beach balls, which would add buoyancy. I was soon to find I needed that buoyancy, particularly during those terrible moments when I was riding the rapids 30 feet under the roaring, swirling waters of the raging river currents.

We had hoped to make the trip while the water was at its lowest level, but the wettest spring in years had created floodtide conditions.

"The river has never been higher," Nevills warned me.

"If you capsize, no power on earth can save you. Give it up now while you're still alive."

It wasn't many days before I heartily wished that I had taken that advice!

Those first few miles were but a foretaste of what was to come. An ugly four-foot chop constantly kept tossing my craft end for end, while I tried to navigate through 100 cross currents. Soon the distant grumbling of thunder reached my ears, and I knew I was about to take the first of the long series of rapids which had given the canyon its macabre reputation.

My kayak was jumping like mad, and I quickly lost sight of the heavier boats, which took the turbulent waters with not too much difficulty. I offered a silent prayer of thanks for the foresight which had led me to attach the side sponsons. No narrow-beamed boat, such as mine, could have taken even these preliminary rapids without them.

The *Escalante's* wave splitter, an eight inch wooden shield, was already acting to break the force of the water, which poured incessantly over the heavy bow. By the time I had passed under the Navajo Bridge and entered the inner depths of the Grand Canyon, I was soaked through.

Badger Bridge was the first rapid, and here I got a break. I was able to pull into shore where the other party had already beached. We were thus able to walk along the edge for several hundred yards and seek out in advance the best possible channel for running the rapids.

Badger was not considered a major difficulty, but it was here that I got the first of the many frightening surprises which were to be mileposts on my perilous journey.

From where we had landed, some distance away, the rapids didn't look too bad. But then we crawled along the rocks, into the deafening roar made by the thunderous waters as they leaped at a 25 knot speed through the passage, and we were able to obtain a closeup view of the river. Suddenly the water, which up to now had been fairly smooth, plunged abruptly over a ten foot precipice into a mass of bottomless pot holes, created by the massive boulders lying on the bottom of the channel. A mass of lashing, furious waves ran for half a mile downstream.

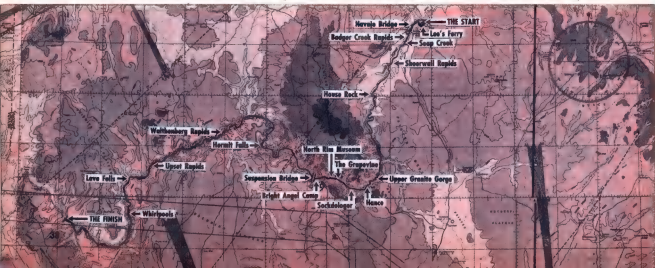
The spectacle was frightening beyond anything I had previously seen.

The Nevills party took off first, their heavy boats pretty safe bets in this minor cataclysm. I watched breathlessly as they safely navigated the stream. And then I started.

I tried to follow the directions the other party was giving me from ashore, but I quickly lost sight of them in the blinding spray.

Within seconds I was fighting for my life and paddling desperately to stay within a narrow channel which missed

Here's a map of my route. From start to finish, I paddled down 234 miles of the worst river waters to be found anywhere.



the biggest holes. Some hidden force seemed to grasp the end of my paddle, and I hung on for dear life. But in doing so, my tiny kayak was drawn relentlessly into the biggest and worst hole in the Badger.

I went under with my boat.

Later they told me that when I was next spotted I was in the raging waters some 30 feet ahead of my kayak.

All I remember is desperately treading water until I was able to reach out for the boat. Sometime during those terrible few moments my life preserver had been torn to shreds. Automatically, and to this day I have no recollection of doing so, I had twisted the valve of my emergency gas preserver, which was the only thing that saved me. Rescue by the others would have been impossible.

Once in fairly smooth water again, I paddled ashore on the keel of my overturned boat.

Within minutes we were ready for the next rapid. I had insisted on going ahead at once, knowing full well that if I had any time to think it over, I should never find the courage to face that river again.

Soap Creek Rapids lay three miles in front of us and it consisted of a quarter of a mile of 20-foot waves. A 20-foot wave is the kind which can make the passengers on the *Queen Mary* wish to God they had flown instead. My boat was a mere 16½ feet, so you have some idea of how I felt about it.

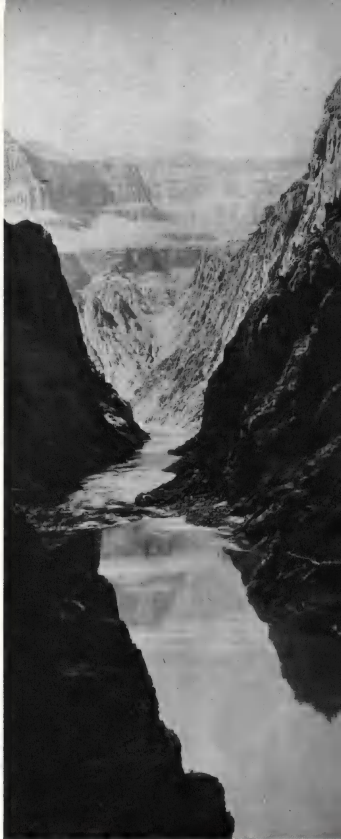
The heavy boats were able to stay close to shore in the shorter, choppier waves and made the run without difficulty. But I was at once swept into the center of the channel. It was then that the *Escalante* proved her mettle. She rode those gigantic waves as though she were going over a steeplechase. It was fun! All I had to do was firmly brace my feet to keep from sliding forward on the down grades. For the first time members of the other party began to feel that I had an outside chance of coming out alive.

That night, as we set up camp on the beach, exhausted but content, Norm Nevills said to me, "You did fine, Zee, but so far you ain't seen nothing. What we've been through today is child's play in comparison to the rapids we're coming to. Be smart and give up now."

Nevills never knew how close I was to listening to him. Lord knows I wanted to, but some stubborn side of my character made me go on.

The next few days we transversed the first 50 or 60 miles. This stretch, described on government reports as having only a couple of major drops, was far from a picnic. The government men must have been blind when they made their surveys. We encountered at least six tremendous pitches and on several occasions I rode the *Escalante* deep under the surface of the thick [Continued on page 66]

If you capsized, these stone walls make escape impossible.



Despite their outward calmness, these waters are filled with gigantic whirlpools, spinning and deadly. I know.

He slud into

Daffy Dunlop came from the backwoods—an illiterate hick, they said. But he could pitch—in baseball and business, and no man ever tossed a smoother curve

by Victor H. Johnson

Illustration by Rocco Petrocchi

Maybe the teachers had a legitimate beef. Maybe they didn't, too. Besides the threat of the whole business being pulverized some fine day, they had the worry of white-collar wages in blue-collar inflation, the atom's wayward youth, and they were loyalty-hunted so much they were kind of jumpy, anyhow.

So they picked on Daffy Dunlop.

Daffy was a good target. If the educators had appointed a committee and made a survey to produce an ideal scapegoat for their fears and failures, they could not have readily come up with a better sacrificial lamb.

Daffy was no gangster, big-shot dope-peddler, nor kleig-light politician. What he had done best was play baseball. He had been sensational.

Then one day it happened. Those who were there claimed that you could hear the report of his cracked shoulder clear across the park. Daffy Dunlop, on his way up from a bare-

foot Georgia farm boy, had had to put everything he had into what he got. Maybe this time he put in a little more than even big raw Georgia bones could take.

After the big-league sawbones had hemmed and hawed over him, Daffy was told that he was through. Sure, that broke his heart, but nobody knew it but Daffy. A Georgia boy might be barefoot and mortally hurt, but he never cried except down deep where other folks couldn't see the tears. There was no sportsmanship in what happened next. Mr. Adams, of United Mills, had seen and heard Daffy Dunlop a couple of times on radio and television. He loathed the illiterate, awkward Georgian. It made him think of *Tobacco Road*. But he noticed that every tow-head, freckled boy within radius came under the awkward pitcher's spell.

Mr. Adams did not think he had a sportscaster of long duration. But the name Dunlop had fame. Mr. Adams



CAVALIER FICTION

Third...



grabbed Daffy Dunlop and signed him fast, hard, and exclusive. Before Dunlop sank into oblivion, he could help stuff the gullets of many a boy with the foods of United Mills.

Mr. Adams groaned when Daffy went on the air. Externally, the drum-beater for the cereals was full of smiles and sweetness. It was a hell of a deal to have a yokel like this speaking for United Mills, but the smart people would understand.

Dunlop was terrible; he was worse than ferocious. He was atrocious. Daffy was scared and the language that poured out of him was backwoods compounded with fear. Never, never, in his whole existence, had Mr. Adams so heard the English language publicly murdered.

Then the same thing happened that happened when Daffy Dunlop was playing ball. Somehow, somehow, the Georgian was able to reach out and touch the people. Daffy wasn't describing a ball game; he was in it, fighting. He took no sides, was not unfair. But always he was the player on the spot, the fighting player. And when he said, "He slud into third . . ." every fan hung on the words and waited. And when Daffy said, "And he's safe!" every listener felt relief.

"Well, they like him," Mr. Adams said when the fan mail started coming in. Of course, baseball fans were not the smartest people in the world. Most of them didn't even know how Dunlop was murdering English. Mr. Adams was grateful that ignorant bellies offered as good market for cereals as smart bellies.

In the first mail were five letters viciously attacking Daffy Dunlop. Obviously, the writers were not sporting people. Three of the letters were from mothers and two were from school teachers, a man and a woman. The last two said nothing about having children of their own to boycott United Mills foods, but they were hot in indignation in behalf of Young America.

A scary man with the public, Mr. Adams immediately took steps. He ordered public relations to write letters of pacification to critics of Daffy's English. He ordered a special evaluation of fan mail. Mr. Adams was particularly frightened by any organized pressure.

Early, he saw the anti-Dunlop hostility building up. He read the letters from the columns. Then something struck him hard. The local *Express*, one of the 68 papers in the great Harmon publishing empire, carried a story about a parent-teacher group's passing a resolution to boycott United Mills food until Daffy Dunlop was taken off the air!

Mr. Adams got on the phone. United Mills had advertising in five of the Harmon magazines and most of the papers. Mr. Adams must bring the local editor to his senses.

The editor was not available. Even when Mr. Adams spoke determinedly of his purpose, the editor did not become available. By this time, Mr. Adams had reports from eight other cities. Eight more of the Harmon papers had carried the story.

Mr. Adams knew now. Nine Harmon editors had not made a mistake. Harmon editors seldom erred. Cagney old John Francis Harmon's empire had joined the teachers' crusade to clear the air of Daffy Dunlop.

All over, with the free publicity, mild teachers were hopping up and demanding Daffy Dunlop's scalp. Mr. Adams made due note of the situation. Then he tossed the ball back to Daffy Dunlop in what Mr. Adams termed "a long-shot sporting proposition."

"The teachers have a convention here in Chicago on the twenty-sixth," he told Daffy. "The Allied Teachers Federation, I believe the thing is. Most of the organized teachers are connected with it. Maybe if you went over and talked to them personally . . ."

Daffy sat with his crippled shoulder hunched over. He was embarrassed and hurt by what the educated people were doing against him. It was a hurt so deep that it was painful for him to talk even when he was alone with Mr. Adams.

"I reckon hit 'twon't do much good," Daffy said. "Them

teachers don't kinda make up their minds agin me, seems." Daffy never lost sight of his obligations to United Mills. "But if you think maybe hit 'twill do some little good, I'll go over and talk to 'em."

"I would, Daffy," Mr. Adams advised. "Then we'll know exactly where we stand. We can't go on like this. You realize that?"

Mr. Adams made it quite clear. Daffy, looking away to one side, said: "You've been more'n fair already, Mr. Adams. Fightin' to keep me on so long."

"We try to treat our people right," Mr. Adams said.

There was no applause when Daffy was introduced. A lot of banners fluttered around the auditorium and many had noble sentiments. But the faces that stared upward were hard, set faces. They had listened too much to one side of an idea.

Daffy clutched the lectern nervously. "I don't rightly know much about what this is all about," he said. "I never done nothing in mah life agin no teachers." He went on with the story of his little education. "I never had nothing agin it," he said. "There jest warn't much around where I come from."

He saw that the faces were not impressed; they stared at him coldly, as if he were too low even for them to boo. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and tried a joke. "Education is all right, I guess. It was like the first time I wore shoes. I didn't like 'em very much. But after a while, I got used to 'em. Now I kinda like shoes."

Smiling, he dangled his splendid city shoes out where they could see them; they had no idea of the humiliation he had suffered in trying to make his little joke.

"One thing I can say," he said at last. "I wouldn't tell no kid not to get education if he could." The nervous sweat had by this time soaked through his underwear and was coming out of his clothes. Daffy took one last look at the hostility. "If I had a had an education, I wouldn't be up heah sweatin' like I am now."

They were quiet when he walked away. He kept waiting for some little burst of applause, some little kindness to a man. But the educated people sat like stones and down deep the inner man wept. Down deep where other folks couldn't see.

"It was a nice try," Mr. Adams said. He put his arm around Daffy's shoulder. And after a while, Mr. Adams, walking silently beside the other quiet man, said: "I brought the papers along that'll release you. You won't have to go over to the office."

The signing was done on a telephone book table. Then Mr. Adams shook hands with Daffy and told him what a swell fellow he had been to work with.

"Well, you've been an awful nice fellow, too," Daffy said. He shook hands gratefully. "Not many fellows would have stood by me so hard."

"We try to treat our people right," Mr. Adams said. Then, when the tall Georgian had slunk away, Mr. Adams went into a phone booth and called public relations. "Turn the Dunlop statement loose," he said. "Everything's in black and white. . . ."

Mr. Adams was a little drunk when he came out of the club. Mr. Adams prided himself on being a hard man, but the hardest of men sometimes needed a drink or two to make them hard enough.

He bought an *Express* and let the newsboy keep the change of a quarter. Eight days ago he had personally written the Dunlop release. He was anxious to see what the Harmon boys would do with it.

Mr. Adams found some news on Daffy Dunlop. It was bold, black news. It was bolder and blacker even than Mr. Adams could hope for in announcing the cancellation of Dunlop's contract following the fiasco before the teachers.

The headlines were a little screwy. They said: DUNLOP FLAYS TEACHER INTOLERANCE. DAFFY BEARDS EDUCATIONAL LIONS IN OWN DEN. Mr. Adams eag-

erly ate up the lead. He needed to go no farther to learn that the Harmon empire had reversed the play and was plugging Daffy Dunlop with all stops open.

Mr. Adams went back into his club and ordered a drink. Then he had another. After the third, he called Daffy's home. He got Dunlop's wife at first, but shortly Daffy got on.

"I've been thinking things over, Daffy," Mr. Adams said, thoughtfully and kindly. "Maybe I acted a little hastily today." Mr. Adams maneuvered with complete confidence. He knew that Dunlop hadn't read the *Express*. Daffy never read anything.

"Well, I dunno," the Georgian drawled. He sounded a little unsure, as if he didn't want to involve United Mills in more trouble with the teachers.

"That's providing you don't have anything else lined up," Mr. Adams countered. "Anything I mean about like your salary with us." Some fifth-rate outfit might pick up Daffy for peanuts, but Mr. Adams knew the Dunlop stock would be very low after the drop by United Mills.

"I got a little deal with an outfit," the Georgian said, almost apologetically. "This outfit don't care nothing about no teachers. All they want is a good man for the fans."

"That's nice," Mr. Adams said. He figured some little sporting-goods company had approached Daffy. But wait until Dunlop heard the salary.

"Keep me in mind anyhow, Daffy," Mr. Adams said. He would be able to jump either way, depending on whether the Harmon interests kept up the whimsical plugging for the illiterate announcer.

The Georgian didn't answer for a while.

Mr. Adams visualized some tumultuous upheaval in the bosom of the slow-witted man. He would be fretting over the teachers and embarrassing United again.

"I mought as well tell you, Mr. Adams," Daffy said, with deep, thoughtful kindness. "I didn't want to hurt your feelin's at all along. But ever since mah first broadcast, Harmon has been tryin' to sign me to write a sport column. They know I can't write; they know all this misery from the teachers."

The Georgian's voice hesitated. Then reluctantly it went on. It was slow and drawing, full of the sympathy and kindness that the hurt of the soil can give to a man. "After you didn't want me no more, I signed with Harmon today. They pay a little more than United." Some of the deep soil pride began to break through. "Mah column is gonna be in Harmon papers all over the country. It is all right, I guess. They say they don't care nothin' about no teachers. All they want is a man good for the fans." ■



SNEAKERED VICTORY

Sometimes what seems like a crack-pot theory pays off. At least it did in a football game one Sunday in December of 1934. The day was December 9th and at the Polo Grounds some 37,000 near-frozen fans huddled together waiting for the kickoff in the battle for the National League Championship. The favored Chicago Bears had won 31 straight. They were counting on the ferocious driving power of Bronko Nagurski to make it 32. The New York Giants, coached by Steve Owen, had just managed to squeeze through to the Eastern Division title with newcomers Mel Hein, Ed Danowski and Ken Strong.

The day was anything but promising for the home team, and, to add to Owen's misery, the field was frozen solid. It was more fit for ice hockey than football, and that made a running attack, the Giant's strong point, impossible. Such a playing area would turn the cleated football shoes into ice skates. There was nothing the coach could do but accept his fate.

Turning up his collar against the frigid blasts that swept through the Polo Grounds, Owen took his seat on the sidelines and waited for the starting whistle. Then came that screwball idea, a suggestion from Giant team-captain Ray Flaherty.

"Look, Chief," he said coming up to Owen, "unless we can do some fancy running, we're through. Why don't we wear sneakers?"

"What!"

"That's right. They keep you from sliding on a basketball court. Maybe they'd do the same on this ice."

Ray Flaherty had sown the seed. He went in to start the game, and the seed began to take root and flourish.

"It's a logical theory," Owen thought to himself, "if you don't mind up giving the whole team frostbite. Now all I have to do is find eleven pairs of basketball shoes in the middle of a Sunday afternoon."

While Owen mulled that one over, the Giant-Bear game got underway. At half-time the score was 10-3 in favor of the Bears, but Owen had solved his problem. He'd managed to borrow the thick-soled rubber shoes from the supply at Manhattan College.

At intermission, in place of the usual pep talk, Steve Owen handed out the basketball sneakers, one pair to a customer.

There was some skepticism amid the general muttering and complaining. The boys were already half frozen, and they felt that the new footwear would finish the job. But they put on the shoes and went to work again.

The strategy bore bitter fruit in the third quarter, for the Bear's Jack Manders kicked a second field goal, stretching Chicago's lead to 13-3.

By the fourth period Steve Owen, as well as most of the Giant fans in the Polo Grounds, had given up hope. Actually it was taking that much time for the boys to adjust to their sneakers and overcome the biting cold.

Ken Strong, the Giant's best runner, had so injured his foot before the end of the first half that it would have been excruciatingly painful to kick. Now his feet were so cold in the basketball shoes that all sensation was gone. Strong could function properly once again, and he did just that. The tide suddenly seemed to turn.

Ed Danowski passed to Ike Franklin in the end zone and Ken Strong kicked the extra point. Now the score stood 13 to 10 in favor of Chicago. The Giants began to maneuver perfectly in their basketball shoes.

The Bears slipped and slid as they "skated" after the swift-moving Giants. They were no match for Steve Owen's sure-footed squad. Nimbly the Giants sped every which way over the icy field to the amazement of the spectators as well as the Bears. Strong took advantage of a gaping hole at tackle to dart down the field. He raced between two sliding Bears and crossed the goal line standing up.

The crowd screamed half-hysterically as Ken made the successful conversion after touchdown. In a matter of minutes Strong had scored again. Danowski followed suit. Chicago was a dazed and bewildered team. When one of its players started running on that slippery field, he kept going in one direction, but the Giants could run, stop and cut back. That made all the difference.

The Giants took the National League crown 30-13. And if Steve Owen could have held on to those 11 pairs of sneakers, he would have had them cast in bronze and mounted to remind him of the day his Giants played football like a bunch of basketball players!

—Irwin Winehouse



The curves, twists, bends and hairpin switchbacks on a hill climb demand a sports car with the staying power of a bull.

THRILLS *in the* ***HILLS***

Think you're a good driver? Then race a sports car in a hill climb. It's the supreme test of your ability to steer, shift gears, and control your muscular reactions

By Bill Schroeder

In sports car racing, nothing tells more about a driver and his machine than the hill climb. You can't beat it as a test of automotive know-how and endurance.

The sport was created by the first owners of power-driven go-wagons, flushed with pride and eager to display the performance of their new vehicles. So they did it not by driving over existing roadways, however bad, but by taking a car in an all-out power scramble up the steepest hill in the vicinity, frequently trailing parts of the car behind in a shower of dirt and rocks. This mechanized mountaineering demanded a driver with the strength of an Atlas and a vehicle with the staying power of a bull.

From the very beginning of the sport, the driver has been running against the clock, with only one car at a time permitted on a hill course that consists of a series of curves, twists, bends and hairpin switchbacks. These spectacular tests give brutal punishment to engine, transmission, brakes, steering, suspension, tires and rear end.

Every car attempting a hill is classified according to the size or capacity of the engine. Thus, an MG, with a 1.25-liter engine developing 44 horsepower, does not run in the same class with a Jaguar XK-120, with a 3.44-liter engine developing 160 horsepower. Naturally, each driver always hopes to turn not only the best time of the day for his class, but also to beat a car in the next larger class.

Beating a bigger-engined car is not uncommon. This happened at the Duryea Drive Hill Climb, recently revived on the same hill at Reading, Pennsylvania, where Charles Duryea used to test his cars at the turn of the century. Last year Walter Hansgen, in a stock Jaguar, climbed the 2.4-mile hill in 2 minutes and 43.9 seconds, beating a Chrysler-powered Allard by 1.1 seconds. At the same meet, a one-

half liter Cooper, driven by Alexis du Pont, turned in a time 1.7 seconds faster than the Jaguar and 2.8 seconds faster than the Allard. The Cooper's one-cylinder engine is less than one-sixth the size of the Jaguar job and less than one-tenth the size of the Chrysler. In this year's run, Erwin Goldschmidt, in a 5.44-liter Cadillac-Allard, shaved only three-tenths of a second from Hansgen's time and fell 1.4 seconds short of the mark set by the Cooper.

Hill climbing is a sport with a drama and individuality unmistakably its own. The air of expectancy at the starting line, as the car waits and the engine turns rapidly, has all the excitement of watching a bomb about to explode. The tension on the driver's face grows with each passing second. Then, at last, the starting signal is given! A sound of protesting tires and a growing pitch of engine noise scream simultaneously as the clutch bites and the driver lead-foots his fast pedal, sending the car up the first incline.

For the next few minutes the driver races against two implacable opponents—the hill and the stop watch. Running the hill alone means no argument with another car over right-of-way, eliminates being cut off or bumped as in a road race. It also means that each driver makes and corrects his own mistakes in a pure test of driving skill. A turn taken with the slightest misjudgment of speed or approach can send the driver "fish-tailing" in an over-eager effort to regain control.

In putting his car through a turn, the driver has two alternatives: If his brakes are good and will not fade (due to the tremendous heat generated in slowing a high-speed car), he can drive further into a turn before he brakes. If his brakes are prone to fading under severe use, he must back off sooner, get the car into a lower gear and take

it through the turn making partial use of engine compression for braking. Naturally, the longer he can stomp on his accelerator the better his overall time.

Driver technique for getting a car which is in a four-wheel slide around a turn at speed depends on an educated foot able to carefully measure the power delivered to the rear wheels. Too much or too little and the rear wheels break traction and spin helplessly, setting the stage for a skid and loss of precious split-seconds.

The driver's favorite instrument is the tachometer, which informs him of the speed at which the engine is running. Roadway condition and tachometer-reading tell the precise instant for a shift. Lightning coordination between hand and foot puts the car into another gear. When a situation arises that drastically upsets this coordination, the driver usually misses his shift and with it his chance for a record.

Despite the high speeds reached on the short straights in a hill climb—often over 100 miles per hour in seconds-long bursts of power—the average for the hill is likely to be less than 50 mph. Each curve and switchback means a loss of speed. The 15 and 25 mile per hour corners cut deep into the driver's overall time, but without these turns and their demands for shifting and control precision, a hill climb would be little more than a straightaway power run. While it's in the short straights that a car proves its accelerative power and the driver shows his shifting technique, the turns are the doing or undoing of the car and driver.

The hill climb provides the average driver with a yardstick applicable to his own car and his own driving technique. For better or worse, he [Continued on page 63]

Vern Meek, veteran racer, pours his Jaguar XK120 into a pretzel-making curve on Colorado's Georgetown Alpine Climb.



A black and white illustration by Gurney Miller. In the upper left, a young man in a dark leotard and tights is perched on a circular platform of a flying trapeze, looking down. In the upper right, a woman's legs in high heels are suspended in the air, reaching towards the center. The background is dark with several bright, starburst-like lights. Below the main title, a man in a suit stands on a lower platform, holding a bouquet of flowers. A beach ball is on the ground in the lower center. The overall scene is set against a dark, atmospheric background.

BALLADS FOR MEN—

The Daring Young Man On The Flying Trapeze

Illustrated by Gurney Miller

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat, all tattered and torn,
Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn,
Betrayed by a wife in her teens.
Oh, the girl that I loved she was handsome,
I tried all I knew her to please,
But I could not please one quarter as well
As the man on the flying trapeze.

CHORUS

He would fly through the air
With the greatest of ease,
This daring young man
On the flying trapeze;
His movements were graceful,
All girls he could please,
And my love he purloined away.

Gurney Miller



Her father and mother were both on my side,
And very hard tried to make her my bride.
Her father he sighed, and her mother she cried
To see her throw herself away.
'Twas all no avail, she'd go there every night
And throw him bouquets on the stage,
Which caused him to meet her; how he ran me down
To tell you would take a whole page.

One night I as usual called at her dear home,
Found there her father and mother alone.
I asked for my love, and soon they made known
To my horror that she'd run away.
She packed up her goods and eloped in the night
With him with the greatest of ease;
From three stories high he had lowered her down
To the ground on his flying trapeze.

Some months after this, I chanced in a hall,
Was greatly surprised to see on the wall
A bill in red letters that did my heart gall,
That she was appearing with him.
He taught her gymnastics and dressed her in tights
To help him to live at his ease,
And made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the trapeze.

CHORUS

She floats through the air
With the greatest of ease,
You'd think her a man
On the flying trapeze.
She does all the work
While he takes his ease,
And that's what became of my love.

Author Unknown

From AMERICAN BALLADS, a Red Seal Book
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TELEPATHY vs. MURDER

BY ALAN HYND

Noted Author of Fact Crime Stories

Illustrated by Fred Siebel

Nothing could make this cold killer talk—not his four victims, not the police. Only his mind squealed on him

Four, you say, doctor? Four people murdered?" Constable Frederick Olsen, the soft-spoken veteran investigator of the Provincial Police of Alberta, Canada, could hardly believe the news that was coming through his telephone in the little town of Mannville about 9 o'clock the night of July 9, 1928. The man he was talking to was Dr. Harley Heaslip, a physician who was calling from the homestead of the prosperous farm of Henry Booher, a scant five miles from town. "When did this happen?" asked Constable Olsen. "How did you find out?"

"The Boohers are patients of mine," said the physician. "It happened sometime after supper. I've no idea who's responsible."

"Who are the murdered—" The constable interrupted himself. "I'll be right there," he said.

Dr. Heaslip was waiting at the edge of the Booher property, which paralleled a main traffic artery, when the Provincial Police investigator appeared out of the midsummer twilight. The wife of Henry Booher, the doctor told the constable, and Fred Booher, one of her two grown sons, and two hired hands lay shot to death less than 100 yards from where the official and the physician stood.

Four other individuals, the medico explained, who completed the Booher household, had survived the slaughter. Two of these four—teen-aged daughters of the murdered woman—had left the farm immediately after supper, to attend a basketball game in Mannville, and were not home yet; the other two were Henry Booher, head of the household, and his second son, Vernon, aged 21. Both Henry Booher and Vernon, Dr. Heaslip told Constable Olsen, had been working in the fields after supper, and Vernon had come in about 8:30, upon completion of his chores, discovered the quadruple horror, and phoned the doctor.

Henry Booher, a deeply religious man slightly bent from years of toil on the good earth, and Vernon, the second son, a shy-looking youth with even features, sat stiffly in the illumination of an oil lamp in the dining room of the homestead when Constable Olsen entered with Dr. Heaslip. Both Henry Booher and his son were staring at the dead woman who sat slumped over the dining-room table, shot through the back of the head.

Constable Olsen looked at a bowl of strawberries in front of her and noticed that she held a berry in her left hand.

"Mom was goin' to make strawberry shortcake tomorrow," Vernon told the police official.

"Yes," said Olsen. "She was hulling the berries when she was shot from behind."

Dr. Heaslip said, "Vernon's brother is out in the kitchen."

Fred Booher lay face downward. Olsen leaned down and saw that he had been shot several times in the face. His hat lay near him. A bullet had gone through the hat. "He was coming into the house," Olsen said to the doctor, "maybe because he heard the shots that killed his mother, and was shot down as he entered this room."

Darkness had fallen. Henry Booher lit a lantern for Constable Olsen. The constable found William Rosyk, a hired hand from Ukraine, shot through the face in a barn immediately in the rear of the homestead. Gabe Goromby, a Hungarian hired hand, lay similarly shot in a bunkhouse near the barn.

The murder weapon was not around. It occurred to Constable Olsen that the killer had not disturbed the homestead or the bodies, which seemed to rule out robbery. The constable was inclined to believe that personal hatred for one of the four murdered persons had been behind the horror, and that three of the four victims had been killed because they had known the identity of the murderer after the first crime.

Continuing that line of thought, the constable concluded that Mrs. Booher—the only one of the four victims who had been shot from behind—had been the prime objective of the murderer's visit. There was no question that Fred Booher had been cut down after his mother's death; had he been shot in the kitchen before she was killed, certainly she wouldn't have been sitting in the next room hulling strawberries when the killer got around to her. The two hired men, Olsen figured, had probably been snuffed out singly, after the deaths of Mrs. Booher and her son, perhaps because they had seen and recognized the murderer around the homestead, although for some reason they had been unable to hear the shots in the house and had not realized what he had done.

"Telepathy vs. Murder" is a Clarifier bonus reprint condensed from the story, "The Case of The Mental Solution." Copyright 1947, Fawcett Publications, Inc.



SIEBEL

The little man in the chair was beginning to get Rueber down. He never spoke. He kept his tool bag closed, hands rising on cane, and stared like an owl at noon.

Henry Booher and his son Vernon reconstructed for the constable the movements of the members of the household during, roughly, three hours—between 5:30, when supper was over, and 8:30, when Vernon reported the murders—when a quadruple killer had stalked the peaceful Alberta farm country.

After the evening meal Mrs. Booher had begun to do the dishes, the girls had gone to a basketball game and the menfolk had separated to go to different parts of the farm—more than 200 acres in size. The hired hands had been working the tractor within sight of the homestead, and Fred, the doomed brother, had been engaged at a point about halfway between the tractor and the homestead. Vernon and his father, however, had gone to distant points of the property, though not within sight of each other.

The fact that the two hired hands had been operating the tractor explained to Constable Olsen why they had not been drawn to the house by the shots that had killed Mrs. Booher and Fred; the sound of the tractor had drowned out the sound of the shots. The fact that the hired men had been working within sight of the homestead during the murder hours, however, strengthened Olsen's theory, that they had been killed because they had seen the killer on the premises; they had seen him, but they had not heard him. Fred Booher, working at a point between the house and the tractor, had been able to hear the shots and had thus been drawn to the house.

The Provincial official, a methodical man, walked from the dining room to the kitchen and motioned for Dr. Heaslip to follow. That left Henry Booher and his surviving son still sitting in the dining room. "How much do you know about this family?" Constable Olsen asked in a low voice. Dr. Heaslip knew quite a bit. He had been attending the Boohers for several years. They were, he said, a grand and happy family.

Olsen was wandering around the kitchen, poking here and there, looking for everything in general and nothing in particular. Finally he absent-mindedly dipped his hand into a basin of dirty water that stood near the body of Fred Booher. "Say!" he said.

The constable was holding an empty cartridge shell. He glowered. "The murderer was careful to pick up all his shells except this one which landed in the basin of water instead of some place where he could see it. *It just might hang him.*"

The shell turned out to be from a .303-caliber British rifle. So did the lead found in the four bodies. It was quickly established that the Boohers owned no such rifle. Constable Olsen had, as a matter of routine, considered the possibility that either Henry Booher or his son Vernon could have been the killer. Now, however, he felt he would have to go afield to track down his murderer.

For several days Constable Olsen sifted the backgrounds of the Boohers, particularly that of Mrs. Booher, almost frantic in his search for a lead.

It developed that a .303 British rifle had vanished from the home of a man who lived not far from the Boohers. The man himself, reputedly above suspicion, hadn't the slightest idea who had stolen the rifle. Shells from the rifle, he recalled, bore distinctive markings from a faulty chamber. The shell that Olsen had found in the basin had borne such a marking. There was little question but that the stolen rifle had been used by the killer. But where was the rifle? And who had stolen it? The grounds had been gone over many times, and there was not a trace of the weapon the constable wanted to examine for fingerprints.

Olsen was naturally in close contact with Henry and Vernon Booher during the days following the murders. He began to think more of the father and less of the son, for no particular reason, as the days passed. One day, he turned abruptly and caught Vernon looking at him with what appeared to Olsen to be intense hatred. Why, wondered the constable, should Vernon hate the man who was

trying to solve the murder of his mother and brother?

Olsen put several random but frequently effective questions to the boy. One struck too quick a response. "Vernon," asked Olsen, "why don't you have a girl?"

"I don't like girls," snapped Vernon. Vernon didn't strike Constable Olsen as being convincing at all. Moreover, the young man behaved as if Olsen, shooting in the dark, had hit the lad's most vulnerable spot.

The constable found the answer in Mannville. A pretty miss there had been sweet on Vernon, Olsen learned from friends of the girl, but had given Vernon the air some six months previously. Olsen sought out the girl. "Why did you ditch Vernon Booher?"

"On account of his mother."

"So?"

"Mrs. Booher was always making remarks about me," the girl said. "She was trying to poison Vernon's mind against me—and I guess she succeeded."

"Why do you think she succeeded?"

"Well, Vernon stopped acting as if he cared for me. I knew his mother had been saying nasty things to him about me, but I didn't think he paid any attention to her. But about six months ago, when he changed, I began to think that he *was* paying attention to the lies his mother was telling."

"What kind of lies?" the constable wanted to know.

"About my morals. I'm a good girl, and Mrs. Booher told Vernon I wasn't."

"How do you know?"

"Vernon told me."

"And this was six months ago?"

"Uh-huh. I said, 'Vernon, go ahead and believe your mother if you want to. He didn't say anything, and I told him that I wouldn't go out with him again.'"

"And you never did?"

"No, and he was sorry, too, believe me. He told me one night later, when he saw me at an affair with another fellow, that he was sorry he ever listened to his mother. He wanted to start going with me again, but I wouldn't do it."

Constable Olsen whistled softly. He drove out to the Booher farm and put it squarely up to Vernon. "Did you hate your mother," he wanted to know, "because she interfered with you and —?" mentioning the girl's name.

Vernon gave the constable a black look. Olsen called himself a dolt. Why hadn't he thought of this before? Vernon Booher was the killer. Vernon Booher had had a motive to kill his mother. He had been in a position to steal the neighbor's .303 rifle, he had been in a position to commit the four murders, and he had the opportunity to hide the murder weapon somewhere before telephoning the alarming news to Dr. Heaslip.

"Vernon," Constable Olsen said, "you killed your mother — and the others." The two were sitting alone in the living room of the homestead. Vernon Booher looked out of the window and never said a word. "I say," repeated the constable, "you are guilty of murder, Vernon!"

Vernon Booher continued to look out of the window, and he did not turn to face the constable until Olsen repeated his charge a second time. Then Vernon Booher asked a question in a very mild tone of voice. "Have you found the rifle all these people were killed with?"

The officer shuddered at the cold-bloodedness of the query. No, he said, the rifle hadn't been found.

"Well," said Vernon Booher, "how do you expect to convict me of a crime when you can't get any evidence? *I'll never confess, you know.*"

Vernon Booher was charged with the four murders. He was taken to Provincial Police Headquarters at Edmonton. He had proved too much for Constable Olsen. Now he was confronted by Inspector William Hancock, a man as good at getting confessions from prisoners as Constable Olsen had been at deduction.

Day followed day. Inspector Hancock was letting Booher

have everything in his legal bag of tricks, but Booher wasn't vulnerable.

Nobody had to tell the inspector that he could never get a conviction without a confession. And the inspector knew that a confession was out of the question unless he could somehow lay hands on the murder rifle and convince Booher that his fingerprints were on the weapon, whether they were or not.

Vernon Booher was still locked up in Edmonton, more than 100 miles from his home. The Provincial Police had so little on him, in the way of evidence at least, that public opinion began to swing in the prisoner's favor. Then Inspector Hancock got the luckiest break of his long official life.

He was at home one night, reading the evening paper, when he spotted an article under the dateline of Vancouver, British Columbia. A mind reader named Maximilian Langsner, who, claimed to have solved crimes in various parts of the world by reading the thoughts of criminals, had, according to the article, given a remarkable demonstration of mind reading for a luncheon club in Vancouver.

The inspector put down the paper, lit his pipe and began to meditate. His superiors would think he had lost whatever good sense he possessed if they heard that he had called in a mind reader to solve a crime. But Hancock was quietly desperate. The star prisoner in the Edmonton jail cell block was a constant challenge to him. Hancock told himself that this mind reader in Vancouver would certainly accomplish as much as he had with Vernon Booher, at the very worst. And so the inspector put in a long-distance call for Vancouver.

Two days later there walked into Hancock's office a dapper little man of about 35, who bore a passing resemblance to Adolphe Menjou, the movie actor. Maximilian Langsner wore clothes like Menjou, too, and he carried as stick as if he had been born with one.

Langsner made up in aggressiveness what he lacked in size. "I can tell what you're thinking, Inspector," he said, smiling. "You think I'm a fraud. You are trying me through desperation."

"It doesn't take a mentalist to know that," said the inspector.

"But I would like to explain to you how I work," Langsner said. The little man had dark brown eyes, compelling and luminous. He said he had been born in Vienna, and had studied mental telepathy in the Orient. "Take a case I solved not long ago for the police of Berlin," said Langsner. "They had a prisoner locked up for a jewel robbery, only they didn't know where the jewels were. I sat outside of the prisoner's cell and tuned in on his mind, just like you would tune in a radio or TV (Continued on page 79)

HOW THEY DID IT



The cover of the September issue of CAVALIER, which we reprint above, really roused the sports car enthusiasts among our readers. So many people have written to ask for further information about the picture that we felt it would be simplest to answer in the pages of the magazine.

The photograph was made in Kodachrome by Hy Peskin. The site was the railroad crossing at Bridgehampton, Long Island. The car is an MG and the driver is Erwin Goldschmidt of New York City, one of the half-dozen best road-race drivers in the country. The car was doing, according to Goldschmidt, "Something better than 80—I wasn't looking" when the picture was made, and it passed Peskin with about ten inches to spare. However, the set-up was not quite as simple as it sounds. Peskin was definitely NOT standing in the road and watching the car come at him. He was lying in the road on the blind side of the crossing, betting his life that Goldschmidt would (a) remember where he was and (b) so gauge his run as to bring the car down beside him, not on him. Peskin had to be on the downward slope of the hump-back crossing in order to photograph the car with all four wheels in the air, and that after all was the basic idea behind the photograph. Very few photographers would undertake such an assignment and fewer drivers would attempt it.

"I'd do it again," Peskin says, "but only with Goldschmidt driving. That's no job for anybody but the best. A fellow could get hurt making a picture like that."

Goldschmidt is a good driver indeed, and he ought to be: he has been driving for as long as he can remember, beginning on a Baby Bugatti when he was seven and going from that through virtually every high-performance automobile made in Germany, England, France, Italy and America since then to his present car, a Cadillac-powered English Allard running more than 500 horsepower. This red Allard, numbered "98," is definitely the most potent car of its make in America. Probably only the Cunningham automobiles now being made in Florida by Briggs

S. Cunningham can give this Allard a hard fight, and they would have to be exceptionally well driven to do it. A Cunningham has been pitted against this Allard only once, in a race at Allentown, Pennsylvania, last July. Driven by Phil Walters of the Cunningham company, for many years a ranking professional ("Ted Tappet"), the Cunningham was placed ahead of the Allard on the starting grid, but Goldschmidt passed it in the second lap and stayed ahead from then until the 12th, when he ran out of road and lost 16 seconds, finishing second.

A re-running of this interesting race is unlikely in the immediate future, however, because Goldschmidt is barred from all races staged by the Sports Car Club of America, the biggest and most active motor sport club in the country. Goldschmidt is not a member of the S.C.C.A., and he was barred from their competitions after winning the then premier S.C.C.A. event, Watkins Glen, in 1950. Running in the race by invitation, Goldschmidt was placed a long brassie shot to the rear of the starting line, came through the field to take the lead in the 3rd lap and was thereafter never seen by the earnest competitors behind him. He set a new course record despite rain and various unnerving accidents. (It was in this race that the famous Sam Collier lost his life.) Goldschmidt took the silver cup home that year, but was told, before the next year's running, that he would not be allowed to defend the title and was asked to return the cup by mail.

"They asked me to return the cup," Goldschmidt says, "and I returned it; I asked to be allowed to defend it and they refused. A most unusual arrangement. Maybe I should have gone a little slower."

Unlike many amateur drivers, Goldschmidt is an extremely heavy-footed character, a man who considers fourth place no better than last, third a close escape from disgrace and second something that should happen to his worst enemy. He likes to put his foot on the firewall and leave it there. He has never been hurt in an automobile.



Head of Interpol is Secretary General Marcel Sicot. He works with an Executive Committee whose membership is rotated among 42 nations every five years.

An Interpol officer checks the organization's extensive file of stolen paintings. Art thieves will even murder to get hold of a priceless masterpiece.



Interpol Battles The International Criminal

Here's how a remarkable international association of police fights the dangerous, often airborne, criminals who try to cover their tracks by hopping from country to country

By Frederic Sondern, Jr.

Veteran international swindler Otto Brock, a man of many aliases and talents, sat contentedly not long ago in a sidewalk cafe of Rio de Janeiro. He had just completed a fast and highly profitable tour of Europe, where he had persuaded a number of businessmen in Sweden and elsewhere to pay him large sums for worthless securities. Now, far away where no one knew him, he was comfortably wealthy, safe with a brand-new name and an expertly forged passport.

Suddenly, however, a polite but firm Rio detective materialized at his elbow. He was escorted, vainly protesting, to the central police station and soon found himself on a plane bound for Sweden and jail. From more than 5000 miles away in Paris, the precise machinery of the International Criminal Police Commission—Interpol—had reached out and put another ocean-hopping crook behind bars.

Interpol is the remarkably unpublicized association of the federal police systems of 42 countries. Its administrative headquarters in Paris serves as a central clearing house of information and a sort of coordinating brain to help law enforcement officers of member nations deal with that growing menace, the fast-flying international criminal. Every day into its unpretentious but highly efficient offices at No. 80, Boulevard Gouvion Saint-Cyr, flow reports of the movements of members of the international underworld; they come from Scotland Yard, the *Sûreté Nationale*, Rome's *Questura*, our own Treasury Department, from police headquarters in Istanbul, Athens, Sydney, Johannesburg, Rangoon.

Interpol's files contain detailed records of some 60,000 of the world's most dangerous swindlers, counterfeiters, narcotics peddlers, smugglers, robbers and murderers. The "internationals," as Interpol calls them, have all committed crimes in more than two countries. A veteran Interpol officer, fluent in five languages and with an encyclopedic knowledge of global skulduggery, explained to me the complicated system of keeping track of these underworld chameleons.

"They change their names continually," he said. "They acquire any number of forged passports; they work on one continent one month and on another the next. But with these . . ." he tapped a filing cabinet with his finger " . . . and patience we catch even the slipperiest of them eventually. They are often very much surprised."

The case of the surprised swindler caught in Brazil was



The International Criminal Police Commission (full name for Interpol) has descriptions and records of some 60,000 of the world's most dangerous crooks.

routine at Interpol Paris. When a Swedish merchant who had bought Otto Brock's phony shares discovered his costly mistake, he had gone to the Stockholm police. Every member nation's police headquarters maintains an Interpol Bureau; Interpol Stockholm wired Interpol Paris the confidence man's description and details of his method of operation. Within an hour he had been identified as an old "international" with a long criminal record. And on the desk of the deceptively mild but very shrewd Frenchman who organizes such man-hunts lay a complete dossier of Brock's history, tricks, and habits. Within a day, an Interpol bulletin had gone out to all member countries.

And it was Portugal that soon reacted. A Portuguese official had remembered stamping the passport and noting the destination of the small, neat, blond man with an odd scar on one hand and a habit of blowing his nose frequently. A message from Paris to Interpol Rio followed quickly, and Brazilian police checking recent arrivals by air had little difficulty finding the man wanted in Stockholm. To avoid the expense of a Swedish detective fetching him or a Brazilian officer taking him there, his route to Sweden, and prison, was so arranged that his planes touched down only in countries belonging to Interpol; on every airfield officers were waiting to meet him and see that he caught the right flight out.

Through Interpol's facilities, police authorities halfway around the world from each other often set a trap for a globe-trotting criminal before he even knows that he is under surveillance. Not long ago, for example, Interpol Paris received a request from Interpol London to find a jewel thief and two accomplices that Scotland Yard wanted for a daring robbery of more than \$50,000 worth of gems. Interpol Paris, from London's description, quickly identified them as old "internationals" with long records. They were extremely skillful operators—a dignified, elderly couple adept at diverting a jewelry store staff's attention while the third of the trio rifled the showcases with uncanny dexterity.

A bulletin went out immediately to Interpols all over the world. Copenhagen replied at once; the elderly couple had probably passed through Denmark on the way to Sweden. Stockholm soon reported that a man [Continued on page 68]

Counterfeiting is one of the favorite pastimes of the underworld's ocean-hopping set. A special Interpol unit in the Hague is geared for fighting them.



Pronghorn Panic

By Joe Austell Small



**You'd have to wait a long time to find a buck the size
of my first antelope. I was all set to shoot, when the most
embarrassing thing that can happen to a hunter hit me**

I'm not ashamed of it. When that old mossy-horned antelope buck started down the opposite ridge toward me, I shook like a leaf on a windblown oak!

He was so BIG looking compared to those normal bucks. His horns had a way of standing on tip-toe when he looked out over the herd. It was the kind of head you get a chance at but generally fizzle, and then dream about it for four or five years.

I raised the old 30-40 Krag to get the feel of the sights on him. The thin slit of steel at the end of the barrel, which I was trying to synchronize with the V nearer my eyes, wandered around over the landscape like a hi-lifted eagle.

That's when I started talking to myself. That's when I said, "Joe, you dad-blamed jackass! This is your first antelope hunt. Here is a real chance at a good buck. It could be your *only* chance. Even a bright idiot could control himself better! You may never find a head like that again!"

I shouldn't have made that last statement to myself. It wound up my main spring for a renewed round of the shakes.

Imagine, on my initial antelope hunt, during the first hour of it, green-groping, wandering around blindly, I stumble across one of the prize bucks of the Trans-Pecos country of Texas—and I get the happy jitters!

J. P. "Flashbulb" Crowe told me it would be like that.

He had been out the year before when the first open season on Texas antelope had been declared in years. He saw seasoned hunters get the ague so bad they blazed away for as high as nineteen times without hitting a hair! Dr. T. A. Kennedy said as much himself. But Doc would say that about hunting bumble bees with a slingshot. He likes to hunt, Doc does. Next to shooting an intoxicating line of bull, hunting is his favorite sport.

But I had told Crowe and Doc, on our long journey from Austin, that just give me a chance. Just one shot at an old pronghorn buck in that wild, rough, rocky country and they'd see.

"Sure, I get excited," I told Doc. "I'll quit hunting when I don't. But that shaky stuff—that's reserved for tyros, old women, and heart specialists. . . ."

"Goddlemighty!" he half-shouted, lowering an ancient briar and blowing out a puff of smoke. "You sound like one of them outdoor writers—or maybe a rocking chair sports editor! Wait'll I slap my thigh and guffaw after you empty your first clip at a pronghorn buck standing broadside at 100 yards!"

A man will think of those things when he's waiting for a shot. Especially when the author of those predictions is standing serenely in a rocky depression some 500 yards away watching the whole show. With him was the game

warden and another unbeliever. A man will wait and watch and think, and then he'll feel those soap bubbles crawling up along the old ridgebone. That's when the rifle barrel starts crawling around over the landscape and those blamed sights won't stay where you put them.

It wouldn't have been so bad if I could have gotten a shot even after a moderate wait. But the old buck was wary. He was staying smack-dab in the middle of eleven does and three smaller bucks. They were milling slightly, traveling by spurts, excited but not sure which way to go.

We had just watched a hunter drop a buck from the group. But this old big boy wasn't with them then. In fact, I had first had my heart set on that slain buck. He looked big to me. He was coming down a draw with the does and smaller bucks. They had been boogered by some hunters over across the far ridge. However, they weren't too uneasy. The hunting season was then just 15 minutes old, and only a few scattered shots had been fired.

Crowe, Doc, the warden and I had watched them come

down the draw. They stopped on a low flat that acted as the drainage axle for four shallow draws that came into it from crazy angles. There was a small, rocky wart that rose from the bosom of the flat. It was this miniature jumble of shale and boulders that furnished protection for the hunter who was to grab the pie from my plate.

Just as I began to believe they would come within range, I saw the hunter move on that little wart. The buck jumped, humped and ran forward. The "Wuump!" came to us seconds later, pushing against our ridge with a hollow thump.

Hopes shattered. I looked through my glasses at the three smaller bucks. There wasn't a head among them that I could be proud of. But Crowe said I'd better take one—that it might be my last chance. We decided to work out a bit of strategy. Crowe would make a wide circle under the protection of a hogback ridge that curved around a section of rough country like a horizontal rainbow. But the herd had any number of draws, washes, and shallow depressions up which they could travel. We were hoping they would select the one on which I now reclined because it was the draw most nearly opposite the direction from which Crowe would first be seen by them.

Generally, these well laid schemes work—just in reverse of what you plan. But this time the herd started prancing about excitedly when Crowe appeared and started toward them. They seemed to be more afraid of him than the little group inspecting the hunter's kill in the slight depression to my left. Doc and the warden had gone down to have a look.

So the stage was set. Our strategy was working. Everything was in order except one thing—I didn't want one of those little bucks! I began to hope something would intervene.

It did. And it came about with precise timing, as if a skilled director had planned it at the psychological moment for dramatic punch.

The big buck's appearance on a ridge to my right brought about the same electrifying impulse that a cyclone, appearing suddenly on the horizon, would have on a lazy summer day. I looked at the magnificent antelope, blinked my eyes and looked some more. Two does followed at his heels. He saw the larger group coming down the draw and angled in to join them. If he did join them, if they kept coming in the same direction, if nothing happened to spook them. . . . The bubbles started bursting along my back-bone. . . .

It wasn't altogether common old buck ague, you understand. I was thinking, also, of that blamed heart specialist down

(Continued on page 70)

I got him! It was a honey of a shot right through the head.





Mata Hari of the Marines

No secret agent ever served the Marine Corps with such passionate devotion as the sensuous she-devil Luisa

By Lt. Col. Arthur J. Burks, USMCR

Illustrated by John Clymer

Luisa Palmer approached me the day I became Assistant Intelligence Officer of the Second Brigade. Her grin was wide and her teeth very white.

"Why you never speak to me?" she demanded. "Other Marine officers proud talk to me. You stick up nose like I smell bad. I bery clean."

I had driven to the dock to identify a drowned black man and had just stopped the official Ford. Luisa carried an armful of huge red roses. She had the run of our encampments, I knew, though I had served almost two years in the Dominican Republic without exchanging words or smiles with her. She had, supposedly, led the Marines into Santo Domingo City (now Trujillo City) in 1916, by a way which effected its capture without a shot being fired. She was a privileged character.

I was a young second lieutenant. I had brought a wife and small son with me, and two daughters had been born in Santo Domingo. I was automatically wary of gals like Luisa. She carried herself as if she owned the world.

I sat in the Ford and looked at her. Motley, my leatherneck driver, looked straight to the front, but I could sense that his ears were twitching.

"You smell all right from this distance," I told her. "Why should I be proud to speak to you."

"Because I th' bes' damn' frien' the Marines got here!"

That could be true, I thought. The Dominican Republic, eastern three-quarters of the Island of Haiti, which United States Marines had occupied for almost seven years, since 1916, did not especially like *Yanquis*. I studied Luisa. She posed, as if for a photograph, and

every movement was unusually supple. It was hard to guess her age. Later she told me she was thirty. Her ebony face was unlined, slightly touched with rouge. High cheek bones suggested Indian ancestry, too. Her shirtwaist was white, her skirt and shoes black. She was spotlessly clean. Her eyes were full of mischief.

"I suit you?" she asked.

"Suit me? Why?"

"Men as good as you an' white as you like go to bed with me, too!"

That bowled me over for a moment. Private Motley's ears and neck got red. He was quite young. Luisa, missing nothing of her effect on people, laughed at Motley's red neck and my gaping mouth.

"We talk bed later, mebbe, *Teniente*," she said. "Now I tell you something. You need me plenty in your work."

"My work? What work?"

"*Inteligencia*. Don't pretend with Luisa. She knows everybody in Santo Domingo you need to know."

I gaped again.

"You think because I'm black I don't know dem, eh?" she read my mind. "I sleep with most important ones last fifteen years, since I fifteen years old an' come here from Puerto Rico. They married now, but they not forget Luisa. They better not! If I say 'Come!' they come, believe me! Remember when you need see people, nobody help you more than Luisa."

This bawdy introduction was my first contact with the most unbelievable woman I ever met. Luisa had no fear of God, man or devil. She was legendary heroine of a battle in which she had killed a bandit leader; she could shoot, use a knife, fight with fists,

"Mata Hari of the Marines" is a Cavalier house reprint condensed from the story, "Dark Goddess," Copyright 1940, Fawcett Publications, Inc.

In a frenzy, Luisa lifted her dress to her breasts. Then, the idea taking hold, she began to disrobe entirely.

teeth or toenails. She was completely loyal, thoroughly unmoral, a true friend, a ruthless enemy.

She became my second intelligence agent. My first one was Julio E. Garcia, native of Puerto Rico also, but a private in the Marine Corps. He brought me the first report on arms running, and it proved out. I quickly had him promoted to corporal, then sergeant. He and I had just been through a trying experience with filibusters, as a result of which I became Assistant Brigade Intelligence Officer, and Luisa braced me for a job on the Ozama Docks.

"I can't use a woman," I said.

She roared with laughter.

"And I don't mean what you're laughing about!"

"So!" she said, her eyes wide. "You can't use a woman, eh? How about Playa de Caracoles? You almost got fed to the sharks, didn't you?"

"Hold it, Motley!" I said. "What do you know about Playa de Caracoles?"

She spoke of something we hoped was a dark secret.

"I tell you I know everything!" she retorted. "That man Garcia of yours hear men talk in cantina four days ago. Three days ago you an' him go to Las Charcas and Estebania in civilian clothes. You get caught, but they people there believe in him, an' he stay and get all the dope. He also get himself a woman who get him in hospital. . . ."

"All right! So you know what happened to us down near Azua. So what? We got the information, didn't we?"

"Yes, an' next time you go out you get killed. *Teniente*, you bin here two years, an' don't know a white man stick out in *montes* an' *sabanas* like a big sore thumb? In two years everbody know who you are? If I be with you you don't get caught, an' get more an' better information."

While I listened in amazement, Luisa told me what Garcia and I had just done. How we had got to Las Charcas, Province of Azua, driven at night by Motley, who had left us afoot several miles out of town; and we had walked on into the town. There I had posed as a German doctor, able to understand German and English. Garcia was simply my native guide. The idea was that people would talk Spanish freely in my presence and I would get a line on what was going on.

Luisa knew almost to the minute how long it had taken us to work our way, apparently without attracting attention, down to the Playa de Caracoles, on Ocoa Bay, where five native schooners were riding at anchor.

I was ostensibly studying the mosquito which carried malignant malaria, with which this area was infested. I was scared. I carried two automatics in my belt under my coat, just in case. I'd get a general court-martial if I even touched a native, but in a jam I'd take the general court rather than get killed.

Playa de Caracoles was just around Punta Martin Garcia from Barahona, where I had been in command of a prison for almost eleven months—and the inevitable happened. One of the members of the five schooner crews on the beach recognized me, and passed the word. I spent the afternoon and evening of a hideous day in the hands of blacks from Haiti, Saint Croix and Saint Kitts, during which they spoke freely of the arms they had aboard the schooner, how they were going to get them up through the Cordillera Centrales into the Cibao region—and what they were going to do with me to make sure I did not interfere! Their plan was simple, and they started swilling rum, and using the up-ended end of a gasoline drum as a tom-tom to work themselves up to it. They were going to cut me into small bits with fish knives and feed me to the sharks.

For two hours about fifteen of us sat in a circle and discussed what was to happen to me. I had no voice in it. Garcia sat across from me with his back against a privy. I sat with my back against a tree. The filibusters formed the circle. I meant to fire all of my fourteen shots I could before the cutting started.

The getaway was actually simple. When dusk came, and I figured they were all drunk enough to start carving, I got

up and started to walk. Garcia got up, too, and said to me in Spanish:

"Hey, how about the money you owe me for bringing you here?"

As we walked I argued with him. The blacks let us get about fifty feet away before they rose and followed. I cut into the brush and thorn trees, Garcia started running down the beach, yelling for me to stop, and firing his revolver. They followed Garcia instead of me. I made the main road in record time, flagged a car going the wrong way, rode it to Azua, rented another car and came back through Las Charcas at top speed. I reported to General Harry Lee next morning, and that started it. Garcia stayed with the contrabandists two days, then gave them the slip and came in with the rest of the information. The arms went into the Cibao by donkey train, where they were picked up. The legal end was handled by civil Dominican authorities.

Garcia had not returned when Luisa braced me, yet she had all the information. Even if Garcia had returned he would have told her nothing, for from the beginning those two hated each other's guts. If either ever lied to me, it was about the other. Garcia insisted that Luisa would trick me into a court-martial, Luisa insisted that Garcia would invent "intelligence reports" to keep himself in the limelight at headquarters. . . .

"How did you get all this information, Luisa?" I asked her.

"That my business," she said. "I can always get more. You like, or no?"

"What do you want?"

"Job. Intelligence agent. Thirty dollars a month for me and house."

I hesitated. Money for this work had been allotted me. Luisa's reputation as I recalled it, seemed to make her a natural.

I rented a house for Luisa and her husband, Enrique Hernandez, at Number Five, Palo Hincado Street. To that house, in the six months that followed, came politicians, murderers, prostitutes, panders, candidates' sons, ex-revolutionists, anybody and everybody in Santo Domingo I wished to see or hear. Luisa was as good as my boast. I wished to see someone? Fine. She sent for him or went and fetched him. I saw him face to face if he agreed to a meeting, listened from behind Luisa's locked bedroom door while she grilled him, if he refused to see me. She could make anyone talk.

Luisa appointed herself my guardian. Because of her color it amused her to be referred to as my shadow.

Santo Domingo had had a stormy history, from the time of Columbus' governors to the assassination of Ramon Caceres, the murder that resulted in our occupying the country to keep some European country from doing it to collect debts long payable. We had occupied the country, when I began my intelligence duties, just under seven years. Luisa had been a privileged character for all those seven years.

Now, Uncle Sam wished to withdraw his forces from Santo Domingo. Most Dominicans were just as anxious. But some were not. A revolution or even a riot would make it impossible. A free election was to be held, a president installed, a peoples' government established. A provisional president, J. B. Vicini Burgos, held office temporarily under American supervision. There were three important presidential candidates.

Part of my job was to make sure that none of them were assassinated.

Each candidate had his cabinet. Luisa claimed to know the members of these cabinets. If I challenged her, she produced whatever member I named. He might be angry and frightened, but he was there! Luisa's laughter often scared him; it never amused him.

During the turmoil of giving birth to an election, Santo Domingo was a madhouse. Rifles and pistols were trickling

into the country from German ships at sea, from South America and from the United States. Individuals lined their pockets with fancy prices for any small arms that would shoot. These were smuggled in, oiled, packed in rags and buried under floors, in caves, in the woods and in the mountains. Whenever I got word of a landing or a cache, I went to look or to dig. I took Luisa if I could not avoid it. If I sneaked away she showed up before I could get into any jams. She drove me crazy with her nursing, but I could never prevent it.

Hundreds of rifles and pistols were found and confiscated. My staff, besides Garcia and Luisa, consisted of a Turk who spoke seven languages and didn't know the truth in any of them, a gunnery sergeant named Daniel E. Shimmel who chewed tobacco even in his sleep, a bank president and male and female Dominicans whose pay ranged from eight to twelve dollars a month.

One night I went to the house on Palo Hincada when Luisa had been drinking. She almost never drank more than one jigger of rum. But sometimes she wondered what was to become of Fanie, her 6-year-old illegitimate daughter, and drank some extras. They gave her conniption fits. I'd never witnessed one of them. Her husband was trying to make her stop yelling. I heard the sound as I approached Number Five, and thought Luisa was being murdered. I hurried, went in without knocking. A big argument was going on. Enrique must do something about Fanie.

"You're her boss," said Enrique to me. "Do something."

I tried to divert her attention from the subject of Fanie. She didn't have a weeping jag, but a yelling one. I shouted a question at her: was there any truth in the yarn I'd heard about her killing John Baptist, some years ago? John had reputedly put a bullet in her belly before she'd killed him.

Juan Bautista (John Baptist) was a bandit who had never surrendered or been caught. Every Friday when people promenaded in Plaza Colon, he came out of the woods east of Villa Duarte and fired volleys into the city. He couldn't hit anybody in the Plaza. The Palace of Seven Presidents was in the way. But he had fun, expressed his independent spirit, and didn't disturb anyone.

There was a new Marine officer of the day at the sallyport of Fort Orama, on the Santo Domingo side of the river, directly opposite Villa Duarte. Villa Duarte is the oldest suburb of Santo Domingo City. The officer of the day, a captain, grabbed his automatic, yelled at the sergeant of the guard and some members of the guard to follow him. They ran down the street to the bridge across [Continued on page 78]



You Can Build This PORTABLE BAR

Ideal for a man's den or for the household in general, this drink server will hold four highball glasses, two bottles of liquor, one bottle or siphon of soda and an ice bucket. It revolves on a solid base for convenience of host or guest, and may be carried by the handle.

Construction is sturdy but simple. Materials consist of two 16-inch disks of $\frac{3}{4}$ " plywood, one 12-inch disk of $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood, two dowel sticks and a few odds and ends.

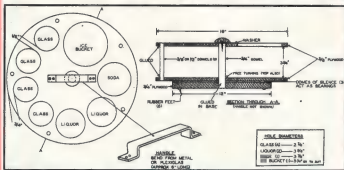
First step is to obtain the plywood circles from your local lumber yard, or cut them yourself from square pieces with a coping or jig saw. One of the 16-inch disks, for the top, must then have holes cut in it, as shown in the diagram. An expansion bit will take care of the smaller ones; use a coping saw, wood file and sandpaper to smooth out the larger openings. Next, clamp the two 16-inch disks together and drill the holes for the center dowel, upon which the circular tray revolves, and the five spacer dowels around the rim, which hold the top and bottom sections at the proper distance ($3\frac{1}{4}$ " inch) apart. Separate the disks, line up the dowel holes and glue the spacer dowels in place.

Drill hole for center dowel in the base, insert dowel in glue and allow to dry. Paint or stain base and tray. Hammer three "domes of silence" into the base about one inch from the edge, spaced equally around the circle. These act as bearings for the tray. To the bottom of the base nail six rubber feet.

Now slip the tray over the center dowel, making sure it turns freely, and fasten a wooden knob to the top end of the dowel by means of a long, thin wood screw. A washer is inserted between tray and knob.

This completes the bar, except for the handle, made of bent brass, iron or plastic. Attach this in the position shown, using 1 inch 6/32 machine screws and nuts. If Plexiglas or Lucite is used for it, heat a strip of the plastic until soft. Then bend to shape by hand, wearing gloves and holding until cool.

—Roland Cueva





TOGETHER WE KILL

Continued from page 10

of France and the others you'll do better if you let me alone. I told you that I wasn't taking chances. The Krauts come across with nice prizes for dragging in a saboteur or two."

"And why couldn't I have turned you in before?"

I held the rope in my hand and fiddled with it. "Because I'm a man and you're a woman, chicken. A beautiful woman, but still a woman."

Her hand had a gun in it and it was aimed right at my head. My fingers jerked the rope tight and my mouth felt dry. "If I had wanted to I could have killed you before. Or I could have drawn a prize as you seem to think." She laid the gun on the table with the butt toward me. "Do you still think I shouldn't be trusted?"

The stiffness left my fingers and I wound the rope back around my waist. "Someday I'll smarten up," I said. When she saw that I wasn't going to touch the gun she put it back in the folds of her skirt. I glanced at her sharply. "You know what will happen if they catch you with that thing?"

"Yes. First I will kill several of them, then myself."

She meant it, every word of it. I finished tucking the ends of the rope in, then straightened up. "Okay, what gives. Tell me two things: if you knew how important the bridge was, why didn't the underground do something about it? When you tell me that tell me how we're going to go about it."

"The thing you carry in your pack is the thing we lacked. We have no explosive. Nor is it a job for one person."

"Why?"

"You'll see. As for the plans, they were arranged long ago. I told you that was why I was left behind."

"Go on."

"The war came close to us, m'sieu. . ."

"My name is Joe."

"And mine is Claire. As I said, the war came close. Rather than risk destruction the populace moved to the hills beyond."

"Not even token resistance?"

Her voice had a sharp edge. "It was hardly necessary. It happens that here we had the radio transmitters and the printing plants that was the life blood of the underground. We could not afford to have it captured."

"Sorry," I said. "You're brave."

Her eyes got gray and cloudy. "No braver than you, Joe. You expected to die when you came here, did you not?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I figured it would happen sometime."

"It may not be necessary: You have made arrangements to be picked up?" I nodded a yes. "Then we shall hope for the best. However, it is agreed that I will lead you there?"

I was doing everything I shouldn't do. I was taking a chance on an unknown quantity in violation of all my training. How many lives depended on my judgment—thousands? All because a woman was beautiful, with a deep, rich voice and eyes that burned holes into my soul. I was fully briefed to do my job, yet here I was letting a woman change plans that had been made by experts.

And I knew I was right. I knew it damn well! I looked at my watch and said, "Let's go."

The bridge is part of history now, but not that night. That's pure screaming torture that has etched itself into my memory with an acid so strong it will never leave. I could forget it, if within an hour I hadn't found myself loving her and having it returned.

But it happened and I can't forget it, see? She was mine. She was beautiful and soft, and she was mine before the moon was at its peak. . .

That night the air and the ground were alive with death. We heard the sharp metallic noises it made and felt the force of it waiting to thunder into reality. It was there in light and shadows, and we walked through it safely. Claire took my hand and I responded to the slightest pressure of her touch, letting her show me the path until we had the sounds behind us and the sound of the river coming our way.

We still had two hours to wait, timing ourselves so the job could be completed with precious minutes left over for me to reach the field where the plane would come down.

We didn't speak of our plans. Somehow we both knew what was to be done, and whatever she had to do I didn't want to know about.

That was where we found life, there right in the middle of death. We forgot about it and talked of the things that were and would still be when it was over, laying on our backs facing the stars. I was counting them when a shadow of golden hair moved across my vision and I tasted the warmth of her mouth and the sweetness of her breath. She said, "We love each other, Joe."

My answer was in my arms and in the present. I had to come across a continent to find her. I was hers until the hands on my watch marked the time to end the life we had found.

After she was mine she took me to the banks of the river, leading the way through the weeds. She was calm, but I didn't dark speak. Along the causeway and on the bridge itself I could see the file of the sentries back and forth. They shouted instructions and commands, following any object that moved with the white beam of the searchlights. Then there would be the short snarl of the

machine guns and the questions asked afterward. Nothing moved and lived.

"Notice, Joe. . ." I turned my head to her. "The river flows under the bridge, but here starts a little offshoot of the river that winds through the rushes. The bottom is clay, and if you walk softly without splashing and keep in the shadow of the tall grass, you can get under the bridge. From above this looks like part of the bank and they will not be watching. Their lights are trained on the river itself and the road along the bank. Only in this one section of the river is the footing solid enough to follow. None of them are under the bridge because no man can stand long in the ooze of the silt without sinking under."

I nodded, picking out the way with my eyes, glad that the moon was directly above, so that I'd leave no trailing shadow. "I may not be able to be quiet."

Her voice was very soft. "They will not hear you, Joe."

"Why?" My chest felt tight.

"Because I am beautiful. Because I am the only woman in the village and they are men, Joe. Kiss me once more."

I kissed her. I tried to crush the life out of her so nothing would take her away from me, but she was too strong and pulled back with a sad smile. "Always I will love you, Joe," she said.

There were only seconds left now. "No matter where I am I'll be loving you, Claire. Remember this, the present doesn't last long. When it's over I'll be looking for you, if we can live through it. It might take a while to find you because even in peace there are problems. I can't give you much, but it will be more than you ever had before. If I can't get to you, try to come to me. Right off Broadway there's a tiny bistro. A red rooster hangs outside the door and we'll meet there. No matter where I am, I'll come back on this day, the ninth of each month, looking for you."

"I'll remember, Joe." Then she was gone. A white shadow that simply disappeared. I shifted the sack of explosives and stepped into the stream.

A cat couldn't have been more silent. I left nothing to reveal my passage through the brush. Not even a splash or the snapping of a twig. Sure, I made it. No trouble at all because she was right all along the line. It was a snap getting under the bridge and it left me feeling good because there was nothing to it. The boys back in HQ better get their medals ready, I kept thinking.

It made nice thinking, until I got a good look at the underside of the structure, then I felt like a jerk. There was a keystone there that would pull the whole works down, but getting up to it meant a scramble and a lot of noise. Swell. Just one lousy sound and I'd be dead. You know what I felt like. Not too far south a thousand guys could figure on dying because the job was too big for me. Maybe one of those guys was somebody you knew. Then you know how I felt.

Twenty feet above me the muted noises of soldiers on guard sounded like the drone of bees, never loud enough to muffle foreign sounds. I couldn't wait any

longer. I shook my rope out and stood ready to throw it over the projecting beam above. One lousy sound and I'd die. Nice.

It didn't come. Like everything else I froze because the only other sound in the night was a deep, rich voice lifted in song. Somebody barked an order and the lights came around. Two of them. They pointed down river and merged on the banks where she stood so lovely and white and naked.

Somebody choked out a whistle.

She dove into the water, flashed to the surface and shook her hair back from her face, then swam to the shore again, framed in the lights that never left her, laughing and waving toward the bridge.

Sound? Who could have heard me? There was so much sound that I whistled while I tied the explosive into place and set off the long fuse. They screamed from the rail, whistled and shouted to that vision so tantalizingly close to them, yet so far out of reach. Hell, I even laughed too.

Yeah, I laughed. I finished the job and got away.

I made the field where the plane picked me up, but the laugh was a frozen grimace of hate and fury because I'll never forget the lights picking up the officers throwing their clothes on the banks and diving in after her. She swam away, her arms flashing in the light, laughing over her shoulder, letting them draw closer and closer so every eye on the bridge was focused on the wanton sight, their eager shouts and cheers drowning out the noise of my escape and the sputtering of the fuse and even the sound of the light plane taking off again from the field.

And from the air I could see the bright fingers of the light trained on the banks of the river now, and I said, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" and I thought I could hear their laughter even up there. Then when the flash came there was nothing. No noise. Just that one intense glare and I went on into the night. Later, I wondered if she gave all that for me or for her country. I tried to joke about it. It wasn't funny. Not even to myself. . . .

I saw her again. Sure, so did you. Beauty didn't die that easily. The present went and the future came after it. The world settled back and enjoyed the beauty that had been hidden by the war, and you saw a star come out of France that was a bright light of fame and fortune that glittered from the stage.

Those soldiers on the bridge weren't the only ones she drove mad. Whenever you saw her picture you saw someone staring at it with that funny look on his face. Everybody wanted her and she had everything she wanted. What was it I was going to take her away from—the poverty that was Europe? That was another laugh.

The price of a necklace she wore at a premiere was more than I could save in five years. It was a real big laugh, a regular howl, because I could go through a succession of Helens and Jeans and Frans and it was Claire who kept them out. Claire, the memory.

So she wound up in New York, the hit of the year's biggest play. And she ate at the bistro with the sign of the rooster over the door, but that was only because it was noon and time for lunch and it was only a few doors away from the theater. . . .

I started past the door for my appointment with Gus Kimball and then I got curious. Hell, I thought, why be a dope? Any guy likes to shake hands with fame, and maybe she'd remember me if she thought hard enough. I wouldn't prod her with unpleasant memories. That's what the psychiatrists would say. Go in and face your problem, and then you'll have nerve enough to walk up the street again without going all shaky inside.

I opened the door and stepped in. Henri hadn't seen me for years, but his memory was good. He said, "Why, good afternoon, Joe! It is good to have you back. A table, yes?"

"No, Henri, not right now." I was looking across the room. "I just came in to speak to somebody a moment."

My feet pulled me through the tables. She was by herself off in a corner and didn't see me until I was in front of her. "Hello, kid," I said.

"Joe." Just like that, "Joe." That's all she said.

I pulled a cigarette out and stuck a light to it. Funny, but my hand didn't shake. I blew the smoke toward the ceiling and grinned at her. "Imagine us crossing again. Didn't think you'd remember me. I saw you turn in here and had to come in to be sure. You look good."

"Do I?" I damned Henri for not having more lights in the place. I couldn't see her face very well.

"Yeah. You did all right for yourself, too. I see your name in the papers every day. How do you like our country?"

"I like it, Joe."

She hadn't moved. Now that I was in the dark a while, after the brightness of the street, I began to see the vague outline of her face. The fires started inside of me and I couldn't let them do it to me again. Not any more.

"Well, I got an appointment, kid. Maybe one day I'll look you up if you're not too busy. I have to go now."

People were looking over at us, and I thought I saw her teeth bite her lips. Maybe she was thinking back to those searchlights.

She stood up quickly, scooping her handbag under her arm. What the hell, I didn't blame her a bit. Nobody famous wants to be hamstrung by something from a forgotten past.

"It is I who has to go, Joe," she said. Then she was gone.

Henri stood at my elbow. "You were to have lunch with the lady?"

"No, Henri. I was just saying hello."

"A strange woman, Joe. Always she comes in once a month and sits here. Always the same day, the ninth of each month. It is that she has a pact, perhaps?"

The fires wouldn't go out. The cigarette fell from my fingers and scattered sparks on the floor. The tight knot inside me jerked even tighter and something was going on in my head, fighting and screaming to free itself. Something that didn't sound like my voice said, "And today, Henri . . . ?"

"Is the ninth, Joe."

I ran. I pushed everything aside and I ran, and if I went fast enough I could catch her before she disappeared again, and I could tell Gus that the job was fine and I'd be there with bells on. Wedding bells.

I caught her. ■





BWARE—YOUR NEW CAR WARRANTY

Continued from page 13

sion that heated up the car floor to 180 degrees. The car had been designed with air holes to draw off the heat. They didn't. The condition has been corrected and the holes remain as decoration.

In '49 a major manufacturer brought out a completely new line. Soon the factory was besieged with complaints that these beautiful new bodies developed terrific leaks. It took six months to correct this fault in production.

Another expensive car appeared that year with electrical battery cables so arranged that under certain circumstances the car caught fire.

A more recent model came out with a tendency to foul spark plugs. It also boasted very noisy hydraulic valves. The dealers kept changing plugs for complaining buyers, until the factory told them to try ring jobs. But nobody wanted to admit the motor might have a defect. It had, and later models were equipped with a different type of piston ring, a hotter spark plug and changes in the valves. In the meantime thousands of the faulty vehicles were already sold.

Last year a large manufacturer used a new carburetor on his 1951 model. It had so many defects one serviceman claimed the engineers who designed it must have had a grudge against all motorists. Dealers and factory representatives tried all sorts of remedies. *Nothing* helped. Finally the company that made the carburetor sent out exchange units.

This year similar foul-ups occurred. Several hundred copies of one popular

car came off the lines with defective radiator supports. On a severe stop the fan would clip the radiator coils with disastrous effect.

Some bugs are spawned by recurring materials shortages—and on a grand scale. It's no secret to thousands of owners of one 1952 model that the steel radiators the Government had suggested are now being replaced with standard copper ones—the steel cores sprang leaks.

Even if manufacturers and dealers were in perfect harmony over the responsibility for correcting defects, the standard warranty is not an iron-clad guarantee.

For one thing, it doesn't apply if your car is "repaired or altered" by anyone other than authorized service stations.

One automotive expert warns that if you ever buy a new car, don't have any work done except by an authorized station. If the dealer notices as much as a ticket on your car indicating an unauthorized station had changed your oil, he might be able to claim damage had been caused by grit in the oil.

Another angle of warranties that plagues buyers is that sometimes dealers or manufacturers try to shift responsibility onto the equipment manufacturer. They try to do this despite the fact that the warranty usually covers "all equipment or trade accessories."

Now we'll trip you off to a trade secret. The usual warranty period is only three months, but manufacturers confidentially

tell dealers they guarantee against certain important defects for six months and up to a year in some cases. This applies especially to such heavy jobs as oil shooting because of defective rings, ailing automatic transmission and extreme valve difficulties due to initial faulty installation.

Another problem that troubles buyers is contingent liability. At his office at the Automobile Merchants Trade Association, Mr. Farlow told me about a complaint just received from a man whose new car leaked rain on a trip. The family's clothing hanging in the back seat was soaked. Who pays for the damage?

The matter of contingent liability becomes really serious when someone is injured by a defective car. Illinois courts have ruled that a person is held liable who sells a commodity with an obvious defect that may result in injury. But it isn't always easy to prove that the defect is obvious or the fault of factory or dealer. In one famous case, a man sued a big manufacturer claiming his sedan was delivered with defective brakes and safety equipment, thus causing an accident. A court of appeals refused to hold the manufacturer liable. It said the buyer must prove the car was *negligently* manufactured and delivered with defects.

Even if every manufacturer and dealer made unflinchingly good on new car warranties, you, the consumer, would still be at a disadvantage. You would still have to waste your time taking your car in for service. You would also still be deprived of the use of your property, without compensation.

In practice, you are often deprived of far more than that. So the next time you get a new car, keep your eyes open and watch what you are buying and where you buy it. ■

SELF DEFENSE FOR CAR BUYERS

Here's how to get full protection under your warranty when you buy a new car.

- 1 When the car is ready, check it over and drive it before accepting delivery. If you find anything wrong, request that the defects be corrected before delivery, rather than accept a statement that the shop will remedy the defects at the 1,000-mile checkup. The purpose of that checkup is to eliminate problems arising during the first 1,000 miles, not those existing at time of delivery.
- 2 As soon as you're taken possession, take the car to a reliable independent mechanic. Have him check it over and especially hunt for loose body bolts and electrical connections. Make a list of defects he finds, return the car to the dealer and ask the service manager to correct these items. (Tipping the service man often has a remarkable effect.)
- 3 Fulfill your part of the warranty meticulously. During the warranty period have all work—even oil changes—done at an authorized service station.
- 4 After the car is in good shape, drive it, preferably on a long trip, until the 1,000-mile check point is reached. But before taking the car to the dealer, bring it to a reliable body shop and pay the owner to inspect the car carefully for paint defects, and body, trunk and door alignment. Also put the car through a car laundry to search for leaks.
- 5 Make a list of defects to be corrected at the 1,000-mile checkup. Give it to the dealer and allow the shop time to take care of everything, rather than rushing them.
- 6 When you pick up the car, re-check your list to see if all defects are corrected. Make known anything you find still unsatisfactory before you leave the dealer's premises.
- 7 Before the second, or 3,000-mile checkup, again prepare a list of any complaints you may have.
- 8 If any defects still exist after the 3,000-mile checkup, you can be sure they either cannot be fixed, or the dealer is avoiding further work. Then, only the prospect of a lawsuit may get action.
- 9 If the dealer has promised to make a repair even after the warranty period, or if for some reason a repair cannot be made immediately, send him a registered letter noting that the complaint was reported on such-and-such a date while the warranty was still in effect.



THRILLS IN THE HILLS

Continued from page 45

can compare his shifting with the driver with the fleet foot and the fast fist.

The lay driver realizes that the smooth demonstration he watches in another is not the result of six lessons at the local "Dual-Control Driving School." Nor does the average man's 10,000 miles of varied driving each year prepare him for the rigors of a hill contest. Thus, Detroit does not build him a competition car.

Through the years, American suspension systems have gone softer and softer for greater comfort. A gradual moving forward of the engine to provide a larger passenger compartment, without greatly lengthening the wheelbase, has produced an unbalanced car that might easily swap ends attempting a hill at speed. The trend toward smaller wheels to bring down overall height has meant smaller and less efficient brakes, and fancy fender lines have reduced the amount of cooling air reaching the brakes, increasing the difficulties of brake-heat dissipation. The big, low pressure tires have necessitated the altering of steering ratios to the point where skids at speed are practically impossible to control.

The steering ratio is simply a measure of steering wheel movement required for complete turning of the front wheels from full left to full right turn or back. The higher the ratio, the greater the number of turns required at the steering wheel to produce response at the front wheels. The average Detroit car takes $5\frac{1}{2}$ windmilling turns from lock-to-lock, while the average sports car requires only $3\frac{1}{2}$. This difference in response drastically handicaps the Detroit car in an event where full-lock cornering or full-lock skid correction is necessary.

While power-steering Chryslers approximate sports car steering response, few sports car drivers expect power-steering to replace any existing system in competition cars. Power-braking is another passenger car development that seems destined for rejection by sports car drivers. Hydra-Matic units are gaining acceptance as the unit's gear selectivity improves, but their widespread use in hill climbs seems unlikely since they effectively remove much of the human element of shifting for yourself.

The hill climb, conceived to test the stock automobile, now is almost strictly the province of sports and racing cars. Today no stock American cars compete in hill climbs, although modified models are permitted by some.

In Europe, racing successes play a much bigger part in the sales success of a car than over here. As a result, of the many thriving European companies which build automobiles, several build strictly for competition. Nearly all feel racing is important enough to enter factory-sponsored cars and driving teams at the

major motor-sporting events. In this country, only Nash-Healey and Cunningham build sports cars, and a third, the Crosley, recently closed its doors despite the fact that it had produced a car and engine able to stand off the MG in many rough road contests.

Sidney Allard, holder of the 1949 English hill climbing title, got his start in the automobile manufacturing business almost directly as a result of an English passion for hill climbs that is only beginning to be felt here. These climbs are up seemingly impossible hills that vary in condition from those littered with boulders to muddy stretches canyoned with ruts. His cars have won universal respect, showing that his training ground was a good one.

The two biggest passenger car engines produced in America, the Cadillac and Chrysler, are favorite powerplants in the Allard. In the stock American production versions, although they would run in the same class with the Allard, they would fail on one major point: The smallest Chrysler and Cadillac cars weigh twice as much as the Allard. Since both engines can be hopped up to nearly twice their original power for competition: on a power-to-weight ratio alone, the Allard has a tremendous advantage over them.

A hill climb is no tea and toast tournament. Death is not unknown.

On the safety side, since a car in the leveling process is usually running in an intermediate gear, backing off the accelerator has an effect similar to throwing out an anchor. In most cases of unexpected trouble, a hill climber has a better chance of bringing his car to a halt than a driver on the open road.

Good handling characteristics are absolutely essential in any car attempting a hill at speed. Fore and aft weight distribution determines balance and traction, and the type and stiffness of the springing determines road-holding through easy and tight turns. A low center of gravity means a high resistance to roll overs and, consequently, a safer run.

The earliest hill climbs were unorganized runs offering no prizes and little public acclaim to winners. Probably the first organized hill climb was held in 1899 at Mount Washington in New Hampshire. Freeland O. Stanley drove a Stanley Steamer up the eight-mile trail in 2 hours and 10 minutes for the then fabulous speed average of $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour.

In 1906, Easterners discovered a torturous 5700-foot run up Giant's Despair Mountain at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. With the revival of this course in 1951, after 35 years of inactivity, drivers learned that the course, especially a vicious curve named the "Devil's Elbow," had lost none of its challenge. Ralph de Palma's 1910 record of one minute and 28.4 sec-

onds, in a 190 horsepower stripped down Fiat, was easily broken. In a course shortened by 420 feet, a Cadillac-powered Allard shaved 20.5 seconds off de Palma's time. This year Phil Walters, piloting a Chrysler-engined Cunningham, hit a new high with a run of one minute and two seconds. Average speed: 60 mph.

The fact that early records are today being whittled down in terms of seconds and split-seconds indicates how rugged some courses are and how tough some of the old-time drivers and cars were.

Daddy of all hill climbs is Pike's Peak in Colorado. First organized in 1916, it is an annual event that is run over the $12\frac{1}{2}$ mile course rain or shine. The hill, rising to 14,099 feet, has missed only eight years (1917-1919 and 1941-1945), when two World Wars forced a complete shutdown.

Louis Unser, eight time winner on the Peak, set a record in 1946 that still stands. That year, in wrapping up his seventh win, he took the hill in 15 minutes, 28.7 seconds in a Maserati, for an average speed of 45.5 mph. Best time of the day turned in by Rea Lentz in a Romano at the first running in 1916, was 20 minutes, 55.6 seconds—an average of about 36 mph. George Hammond, in winning in 1952 in an Offenhauser-powered race car, was a short three seconds from the record.

The first six years of the Peak run was conducted in three classes, determined by engine size. Entries were mostly rebuilt stock cars. The end of stock car competition on the hill came in 1934, and since that time the race car has been king at the Peak.

Stock American passenger cars have, in capable hands, made decent showings against many sports cars but, generally speaking, their present design merely places an extra obstacle in the way of a driver striving for record time. There is no reason why an American car shouldn't be able to run against anything the rest of the world has to offer. Should a demand for a better-handling car grow, no doubt Detroit will build to answer it as it did up to the early thirties.

Organizing a hill climb is more than discovering an ideal location. As the commercial possibilities of hill climbs are more widely recognized, help turns up from many sources. Civic groups, from local Chambers of Commerce to local charities and fraternal orders, have assisted sports car groups in organizing and conducting hill climbs across the nation. Resort areas have tasted the fruits of racing activity during off-seasons—and found them good.

Experience has shown that the shortest hill, even as short as one-half mile, can provide excitement for driver and spectator equal to the longest hill. If the gradients and the turns provide challenge, all are satisfied. Traffic and crowds on the shorter course are easier to control than on a longer stretch, and the shorter course provides two additional advantages. Since drivers can complete a one-half mile course in less than a minute, a car can be started at minute intervals, except in the case of an accident. With cars attempting the hill at regular

minute intervals, long endless waits aren't forced upon the spectators, and more cars have an opportunity to attempt the hill.

In choosing a location, an alternate route, lacking on several otherwise excellent hill courses, should be available. Such a route eases the problems of controlling traffic on the hill during runs for record. Contestants return to the start line via the alternate route without disrupting the other drivers' tries.

In the well-selected location, escape roads are put to excellent use by drivers who, in heading into a turn, have made a miscalculation in speed or approach-angle. Lacking these, well-placed hay bales set a driver's mind at ease, permitting him to concentrate his attention on getting to the top in the best possible time.

Sheer drops on either side of a turn, however majestic, are poison to a record of safety. Continuous communication between the start and finish lines is necessary for timing the cars, but the same communication should exist along the entire course for maximum safety.

Although a hill climb is primarily an event for drivers, it draws spectators and

is run under conditions in which people might get hurt or in which property may be damaged. Any established, responsible club can obtain public liability and property damage insurance for their events. Several insurance companies, Hartford Accident and Indemnity for one, will write a policy supplying coverage in a competition event. Coverage of \$800,000 per person in each accident and \$300,000 total liability per accident, with property damage coverage of \$5,000 or \$10,000 is not excessive considering today's high judgments. Each driver must check with his own insurance company to determine his personal coverage in case of a roll-over or any other kind of accident.

Amateur racing events need only one or two bad accidents to push the sport back into the Dark Ages, as far as public opinion is concerned. By working out the problems of safety first, all other problems are solved in logical sequence. Technical inspections are an absolute necessity. With the ruggedness of a hill in mind, common sense requires strictness in examining every car and passing only those that are mechanically perfect. Excessive play in any moving part: steer-

ing, clutch, wheel bearings is sufficient reason to eliminate a car from competition. Eliminating a car with less-than-excellent brakes requires no explanation. A loose muffler, tail pipe or fender also means thumb down at a hill climb, since a car shedding parts on its way to the top can endanger its own driver as well as spectators. Safety helmets and belts anchored to the frame of the car are must equipment for each driver.

The rebirth of hill climbing finds enthusiasts engaged in the sport in widely scattered areas throughout the country. From the Alleghenies to the Rockies, sports car and antique car groups sponsor these grueling events. There may be no regularly-scheduled hill climb event in your area, but if there ever has been, or if a likely-looking hill looms on the nearby horizon, there can be one—through the concerted efforts of your local clubs and civic groups. Other communities have used the sport to raise funds for worthy causes. So can your community. You can bet that if the hill is tough enough and interesting enough, well-advertised and well-controlled, both drivers and spectators will flock to share in the action. So get on your mark, get set, go! •



THE TERRIBLE BULLS

Continued from page 22

arena and trailing their capes. The matador can plan his whole campaign against the bull by watching how the animal behaves in these first few moments. A bull seldom tosses with both horns together, as he has to lower his head so far that his nose scrapes the ground. He likes to hook with one horn or the other, and most bulls prefer to use a certain horn, just as most people are right or left-handed. If the matador sees that a bull hooks at the trailing capes with his left horn, he remembers to pass the bull wide when that horn is next to him and take the right horn very close. If the bull charges eagerly and wildly, he knows he can make some flourishes after the bull has passed him; but if the bull is making short rushes, the matador will not have much time to get back into position before the bull has turned and is on him. "The best bull is one that charges 'as though he were on rails' as the Mexicans say—perfectly straight, without hooking either to right or left. The worst bull is one that never does the same thing twice.

If a bull has been fought before, he will show it by chasing the men and ignoring the capes. Cape work then becomes virtually impossible and the matador is justified in refusing to fight the bull.

Just as a bull is stupid for ignoring the almost motionless man and charging the waving cape, so is he amazingly intelligent in his quick response to the slightest movement. Luis Procuna, possibly the most graceful of the younger matadors, does a very brilliant variation of the *pase*

de la muerte (the Dead Man's Pass) that is almost wholly dependent on the bull's instant reaction to motion.

Toward the end of the fight, when he is using the small red cloth called the *muleta*, he waits until the bull is half way across the ring. Then, with the *muleta* held in front of him with both hands, he puts his feet together and calls the bull. By this time the bull knows something about cape work and he charges full for the man, not the cloth.

Procuna stands like a statue, moving neither himself nor the *muleta*, while the bull, during his long charge, is able to make any changes in his aim that he wishes. As the bull lowers his head for the toss, Procuna, who is a great artist with the *muleta*, gives the extreme tip of the cloth a slight twitch without moving the rest of the material. Usually he does not even bother to look at either the *muleta* or the bull. The bull is too close and going too fast to change his aim, but he sees the tiny motion and instinctively hooks with his far horn at the tip of the cloth as he goes by. This hook pulls the near horn away from Procuna's body. As the bull roars under the *muleta*, he brings his horns back into position, giving the illusion that the near horn has passed through Procuna's body.

Probably nothing shows the intelligence of a fighting bull so much as his uncanny ability to remember any little trick that has helped him kill a man or a

horse. Sometimes when a bull is charging, he will happen to hook suddenly and catch the man. From then on that bull is deadly dangerous, for every time he charges he will hook at exactly that same instant in exactly the same way. If, by accident, he has his horns unusually low while charging a horse and so gets under the padding, he will always charge a horse low in the future. If a bull received a tiny fraction of the training for the ring that a torero receives, he would massacre anything sent out against him.

Toreros sometimes forget a bull's brilliant memory, but generally they do not have the opportunity to forget it twice. There was a matador named Saleri, who used to vault over the bull's head with a pole. He took care never to do it twice with the same bull, but one day his sweet-heart missed seeing the first vault. Saleri told her not to worry; he would do it again. The second time, the bull simply stepped back and waited for him to come down. Spectators say the look on Saleri's face as he clung to the top of his pole and saw the bull standing calmly, preparing for him, was very interesting indeed. After the other toreros saw what the bull did to Saleri, no one else was interested in pole vaulting.

Next to memory, toreros probably fear determination in a bull. All bulls have this trait, but some have it so highly developed they become useless for the ring.

If a determined bull gets loose in a crowd, he will pick out some particular person and follow him until he gets him. If that same bull gets in a ring, he will follow the matador no matter what the man does. If he jumps over the fence, the bull will jump after him and chase the man down the runway, ignoring everyone else. If he gets a man or horse down, he cannot be distracted but will continue going until his enemy is dead.

The historic example of a determined

I am quite sure that bull would not have exchanged his Moment of Truth for anything in the world, not even for life itself. ■

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tossed Carmelo again, this time putting a horn through his chest. Now the toreros began to beat the bull over the head with their capes, and one man got the animal by the tail and began twisting it. Carmelo came down and Machin brushed off the other men and put a horn through Carmelo's lungs. The dying matador was finally dragged over the fence.

While Carmelo was being carried along the passageway to the dispensary, Machin followed the stretcher along looking over the fence, with the toreros still hanging on to his tail. When Carmelo finally disappeared, Machin waited until he was sure the man had gone for good, before turning on the other toreros.

Both an advantage and a danger to the toreros is the bull's habit of taking a *querencia*—a special place in the ring where he feels strongest. Whenever possible during a fight, a bull returns to his *querencia* and remains there until lured out. If it is near the entrance gate, it is generally a sign that the bull has a wishful desire to stop fighting and go home to his ranch. But if he makes his stand where he has gored a man or a horse, the crowd knows he takes pleasure in killing and will fight to the end.

Bullfighting today is unquestionably more dramatic to watch than the spectacles of 50 years ago. But it is equally true that bulls are being bred down in size and strength. This is because modern bullfighting is largely a matter of exquisite cape work. The old audience merely demanded that a matador get in the ring with a bull and come out alive. The modern fans expect the man to do a series of elaborate passes with cape and muleta, and every aficionado knows the refinements of the passes and looks for them.

With a really large and intelligent bull these intricate flourishes are virtually impossible. As a result the modern bull is usually fairly young, four instead of five years old, and comparatively small and light. The old-time bulls were seven or eight years old and not infrequently killed fifteen or eighteen horses before





I TAMED THE WORLD'S WORST RIVER

Continued from page 39

waters. Fortunately, I stayed with my boat each time and was able to bail out and continue.

During these last few days I had found out that my kayak would handle beautifully in relatively smooth, fast water and could take high waves. She also behaved excellently under water, a condition in which I found myself half the time.

I soon learned never to paddle forward in fast water. I had watched Nevills, and he invariably headed his craft upstream, himself facing downstream as he rowed against the current. In his heavy boat, with a second man on the oars, this was simple. With me it would have been fatal. So instead, I made it a practice to face the danger ahead, but to always back paddle. The sole difficulty was that with the center of gravity toward the rear, I was unable to turn under normal conditions. I solved this by waiting until I was balanced on the very crest of a wave and then digging deep in the water.

I encountered one of the most dangerous runs of the entire trip when I came to House Rock in Marble Canyon.

Here the water had looked much like Soap Creek, with the inevitable 20-foot waves. But I soon discovered that this time there were six-foot transverse curlers!

I was perhaps half way through and congratulating myself, when a sudden cross wave picked up the *Escalante* and for a terrifying second we were poised in mid air. Then we crashed down and overturned. Unable to hang onto the boat, I splashed deep in the water, still grasping my paddle. When I finally came to the surface, I was able to reach out and hang onto the side of the kayak. I climbed astraddle of the keel and successfully pulled through to relatively calm "seas."

The air temperature was 120 and the water over 90, so that it wasn't too uncomfortable. But that being soaked made a great deal of difference. As long as I was on that river I don't think I knew more than a moment of dryness.

North Canyon Rapids came three miles later, and I managed to pull into a tiny beach and right my boat. The mountainous waves of North Canyon were more than 25 feet high, and as I rode to the crest, my tiny boat seemed to float momentarily in space before plunging down the steep sides of the waves. When I hit the bottom, the kayak would dig her nose into the maelstrom and I would dive 20 and 25 feet under before surfacing again. Everything I owned was, by this time, virtually waterlogged, but fortunately my food remained dry in the sealed tins.

By the time our two parties had reached the junction of the Little Colorado, we were well ahead of schedule,

and for the first time I was beginning to be hopeful of actually finishing the trip. But Nevills reminded me of what lay ahead.

"Maybe you'll beat the rapids at Upper Granite and Hance," he told me, "although experienced men in large boats have drowned in them. But Sockdologer — she stops them all."

I laughed. Nothing, nothing at all was going to frighten me now.

The following day we planned to take all three rapids: Upper Granite, the Hance and Old Sockdologer. If I got by them alive, my journey would be half over.

Nevills was right. I took the Upper Granite, with its 27-foot drop, as soon as the sun was up. The main channel, with its huge breakers, had to have been impossible, but I was able to skirt it and successfully got through in the side chop, ending up with a boat load of water, but no particular damage that a few tire patches couldn't handle. Hance also proved relatively easy.

The Sockdologer was next.

Major Powell, at the time of his expedition, had claimed this terrible cataract had a 75 foot drop. Lying as it does between sheer, mile-high granite walls, the Sockdologer has been the death trap for many explorers. There is no way around it — you have to go through. From the take-off point there are several hundred yards of huge waves and holes, which can barely be seen in the heavy mists. Low lying clouds, hovering between the narrow walls of the canyon, obscure the sky. The lower part of the passage is completely hidden by a sharp bend in the gloomy gorge.

Nevills himself, who had made a previous run through this particular rapid on another large expedition, told me he had never seen the water so high.

His party took off first, hoping to be able to photograph my passage at the end of the run, in case I successfully managed the trip. Once launched, no power on earth could save me in case I capsized, so there was no point in their following me down.

Two seconds after they had hit the stream they were lost to sight. I couldn't see how they could live through that maelstrom. I couldn't see how I could live through it.

Following prearranged plans, I kept my eye on my waterproof watch and gave the other party a 15 minute leeway. And then, as I pushed the prow of the *Escalante* into that torrent and leaped aboard, I offered up a silent prayer.

Furiously I began paddling upstream, but in that 40 mile an hour current, I was swept forward at the speed of an express train. Within seconds I was tossing wildly in circles. As I reached the sharp

turn in the river, I barely missed a huge granite boulder, thrown off by a backlash. The crash of the cataract was more deafening than anything I had ever heard. The spray was a curtain of muddy brown water, and I cleared the side by inches. Suddenly the boat leaped like a hooke tarpon and in front of me yawned a huge pot hole. It looked like the end.

And then, miraculously, the *Escalante* was thrown clear across the abyss and I was suddenly in relatively calm water.

Within minutes I sighted the other boats, pulled up on a tiny beach. When I finally made the shore, Nevills was waiting with an uncorked brandy flask.

The Grapevine, also a killer, lay just ahead and we could hear the shattering roar of its swirling rapids. It too, was one which couldn't be walked around.

But it proved an anti-climax. I rode the center tongue and, switching from side to side, went through with flying colors. At one point a jagged mass of underwater rock tore a long rip in the port hull, but my beach balls and inner tubes kept me floating.

The trip was more than half over.

That night, and for the next 48 hours, I rested in a campsite within a couple of miles of the Suspension Bridge which crosses the Colorado at the Grand Canyon National Park. It took those two days to get the soreness out of my bruised and battered body.

For the first time in days I was able to sleep in peace, without lying awake half the night worrying about what was to come. I figured that after the Sockdologer I had nothing left to fear. If I only had known then what I know now!

It was during breakfast at Bright Angel camp, just before we started, that Norm Nevills set me straight about the lower reaches of the Grand Canyon. I had just finished saying how relieved I was that the worst was over.

"The worst rapids, perhaps," Norm agreed, "but you're forgetting some thing."

"Forgetting what?"

"The whirlpools."

Whirlpools. Why, whirlpools had never bothered me too much. They were tricky, there was no doubt about that. But the big danger had always been in getting trapped in one with an inflated life jacket and being caught half way down. I had managed to beat the system by deflating my jacket before coming to them and found I was always ejected in time.

Nevills looked at me glumly. "The reason the mortality rate on the Lower Canyon run has been slight is really very simple," he said. "The weaker expeditions have always cracked up before they reached this point. It's all a matter of percentages. You've been lucky up to now, but from this point on is where you take your greatest risks."

I felt like a sacrificial goat, rather than a hero, as I boarded the *Escalante* for the final laps. I was haunted by the spectre of those gigantic whirlpools.

When I spotted a fantastic 35-foot curler at Hermit Falls, I knew I'd be lost if I got caught in its powerful undertow.

But once more, Lady Luck was with me. I stayed to the center channel and got through with a few new jagged cuts in my hull. By this time she looked more like a much-patched inner tube than a boat. But she was still sea-worthy.

I had been led to believe that the famous Walthenberg Rapid wouldn't be too tough. But on inspection it looked as bad as the Sockdologer. Norm and his party had managed to get through because of the sheer of their hulls and the depth of their keels. They were able to avoid the shore rapids and ride out the center tongue. I started down the far right side, but in maneuvering for the center, my boat flipped end for end and I went over the rapids clinging for dear life to my overturned kayak. The men from the other party dragged me ashore at the bottom of the drop, and for two hours I lay like a dead man.

I nearly ended, up one going through Upset Rapids. It was here that all three boats of the government survey party of 1923, which had made the rough maps I was using for my expedition, had simultaneously capsized.

I'd been floating along, carefully avoiding the increasing number of whirlpools. I was thinking that Nevills must have been kidding about the dangers of the Lower Canyon, when I suddenly hit chop. A second later and I was in the center of a treacherous backlash. Before I could dip my paddle, the *Escalante* heaved high in the air and as she fell back into the stream, rolled completely over. The tiny craft made a full turn, ending upright. But when I surfaced I was ten feet from the boat. My last remaining life jacket had ripped on a jagged edge of granite and was in shreds.

There was no hope of shedding my shoes in that racing white water, and I tried desperately to keep afloat. Swimming as such was out of the question. But once more luck was with me. Reaching frantically, with almost my last ounce of energy, I was able to grab the side of the boat.

We rode the remainder of the rapids in tandem.

July twenty-eighth was the big day. Just a few short miles from the end of the journey, and with victory in sight, I awakened early with a feeling of wild exhilaration. I had all but completed an adventure that no living man had believed possible. I had lost more than 15 pounds, I was bruised black and blue. But the goal was within sight.

It was with extreme optimism, in spite of a sudden heavy downpour, that I pushed my kayak on to Lava Falls. The sudden overpowering roar as I made a last turn into the waters above the falls should have warned me. But by this time I was so injured to the ear splitting explosions and crashes of the canyon that I must have become momentarily deafened.

The other party was far ahead by this time and I was completely alone.

Suddenly the drag of the current was carrying my cockleshell straight into the sheer side of the granite cliff. I began back paddling madly. A second later I found myself in a formidable mass of rocks and pot holes, which had been in-

visible from the other side of the raging torrent.

I dug deep with my paddle, and then, as though some giant hand had grasped its thin blade, it was wrenched from me.

I was helpless as the *Escalante*, cut and torn, whirling end for end, crashed into the massive nest of whirlpools at the foot of the rapids proper.

The spare life jacket which Norm Nevills had loaned me after I had lost my own two, lay in the bottom of my boat. I was reaching for it when, suddenly, directly in the path of the boat, there loomed up the most gigantic whirlpool I had ever seen.

I think I screamed.

It was fully 25 feet across and there was a hole more than ten feet deep in its vortex. I knew that the river, at this point, must be at least 400 feet deep. On each side of that whirlpool towering walls rose thousands of feet.

They say that in moments of extreme peril a man's whole past flashes before his eyes. I don't believe it. The only thing which flashed before my eyes was the sight of that ghastly hole of death. That, and the realization that no living thing, drawn into its vortex, could possibly live.

As the *Escalante* hit the edge of the whirlpool, I had one swift flashing vision of the kayak and myself forever going around and around, hundreds of feet down, in the center of this foaming-mad curler.

And then it hit.

They had told me that the Colorado River water is "too thin to plow and too thick to drink." They were wrong. You can drink it.

As the *Escalante* was drawn into that circling maelstrom and a cascade of rushing silt-laden water crashed into my face, great drams of mud and water were forced down my throat.

I must have lost consciousness for the next few seconds. The first clear memory I had was the realization that I was still inside my boat and that we were deep under the surface, turning madly in the very vortex of the pool. I was aware of the deathly silence deep in the bowels of the river.

And then there was an almost blinding crash and I knew that the kayak, in its violent whirl, had struck some rocky obstruction.

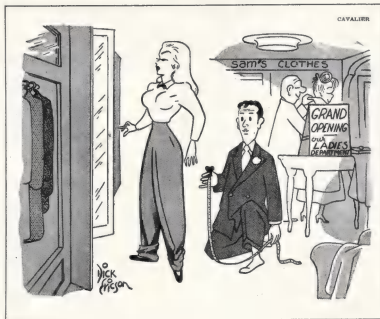
That jagged boulder saved my life. The interference was just sufficient to stop the action of the whirlpool for a split second. A moment later and the *Escalante* and myself were ejected from the swirling water and cast to the outer edge of the maelstrom.

The entire action couldn't have taken more than 80 or 90 seconds. But by the time we surfaced, by some miracle right side up, I was slumped in the almost water-logged kayak completely unconscious. Half-drowned and battered beyond description, I regained my senses some minutes later. No man ever bailed harder. Another few seconds and the *Escalante* would have sunk.

The rest is history.

I finished the run two days later and the press of the nation, which, before the trip, had been so quick to suggest that I be locked up as a lunatic, now proclaimed me a hero. The *Escalante* herself is on permanent exhibition in the North Rim Museum.

And me, well, not long ago I heard a story at the Explorer's Club, of a fabulous cataract in the Orinoco. I don't know how much truth there is to it, but this cataract is supposed to be greater than anything the Colorado has to offer. I am investigating the source of that rumor, and perhaps soon, I shall run it down. If it is greater, than I shall have to see it. And with me I will have another kayak. ■





INTERPOL BATTLES INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL

Continued from page 53

answering the showcase expert's description had sailed from Sweden for Australia. Interpol further gathered that all three were probably aboard a certain steamer. If the trio had known of the radio messages exchanged during the next days between Interpols Paris, London, Melbourne and their ship's captain, they would not have been as relaxed and carefree as the captain reported them.

Investigation by the London, Copenhagen and Stockholm police indicated that they had probably not disposed of their loot in any of those three cities. According to Interpol's catalogue of their methods of operation, they might have mailed the jewels to themselves in Australia, arranged for another accomplice to transport them, or used other methods to avoid carrying them on their persons. So when the unsuspecting three left the ship at Sydney, customs men, immigration officials, and police gave them no more attention than any other travelers. But they were quietly shadowed; a few days later the trio, the jewels, and the fence with whom they were bargaining in a hotel room were taken into custody.

The principal jewel thief was so impressed with the whole police operation that he wrote a congratulatory letter, from prison, to the Secretary General of Interpol in Paris. "We were quite delighted with his compliments," a smiling official told me. "They are rare from such quarters."

Sometimes, of course, a wanted criminal is able to conceal himself behind the tangle of international borders for a long time. But the Paris files have a retentive memory. Off the coast of Morocco last November, the British yacht *Kangaroo* was wrecked in a sudden Atlantic storm. Among those rescued was an Austrian, Walter Praxmarer, one of the ship's crew. His papers were in order and he seemed an honest sailor. But something about him rang a faint bell of suspicion with the police inspector investigating the accident, something to do with an Interpol bulletin. He had the sailor fingerprinted and detained on the pretext of requiring a health examination. The Austrian was unperturbed. Although he was an escaped convict, murderer, bigamist and swindler, he had been arrested only once in the past six years—by the Italian police in Naples for vagrancy. It was impossible, he thought, that anything would be known about him in Rabat.

He was wrong. Within the hour, an official at Interpol Paris with a thick dossier in front of him had authorized the sailor's provisional arrest. The file corresponding with the fingerprints which the Rabat inspector had wired to Paris showed that Walter Praxmarer was really Manfred Lentner—wanted by the Berlin police for the brutal murder of a

woman in 1945 and by the Austrian authorities for a series of crimes.

He had changed his name three times, finally taking the identity and papers of the dead husband of an Austrian woman whom he had talked into believing that he was a political refugee. Interpol's files had kept up with him nevertheless; his dossier was labeled with all four of his names—Lentner, Wöber, Wiltatschil and Praxmarer. When Lentner had been arrested for vagrancy in Naples his name was Praxmarer; having applied for a passport at the Austrian consulate in Rome, the consul had sent a copy of his fingerprints to Vienna. When another man by the same name applied for a passport, the suspicion of the Austrian authorities was aroused. Soon Interpol Vienna informed Interpol Paris that vagrant Praxmarer was escaped convict Lentner. Interpol Paris immediately discovered that escaped convict Lentner was wanted murderer Wöber. A bulletin to all Interpol countries on Lentner-Wöber-Praxmarer was issued, and seen by—among many others—a police inspector in Rabat, Morocco. When Vienna learned that Lentner had also acquired the name of Wiltatschil, Interpol Paris added it to the list to complete the file.

The many-named sailor was extradited by the Moroccan authorities to the Austrian authorities to serve out a long term before he is turned over to Western Germany for perhaps a more permanent punishment. He never has figured out what hit him.

Just as important as catching the criminals, in the opinion of Interpol officials, is prevention of their crimes. Whenever a known "international" is released from prison or heads for another country, the Interpol bureau of the country he is leaving notifies Interpol Paris, which issues a bulletin with his photograph, description, fingerprints and a terse note: "This person is to be discreetly but carefully watched."

When an American racketeer sailed on an extended Mediterranean cruise not long ago, he had big plans. The demand for illicit narcotics in the United States was growing steadily, while counterfeit dollar notes, scarce medicines, and other black market staples found ready buyers abroad. As emissary of a powerful Chicago-New York combine which deals in these goods, this versatile racketeer was to arrange for a sizeable increase in trade with various key members of underworld fraternities abroad. The trip went well. Friends from Paris and Marseilles—Europe's greatest underworld headquarters—representatives of various North African and Middle Eastern syndicates, and even the cautious Lucky Luciano were cordial and cooperative. The racketeer went home to report success to his associates.

The joyful conspirators did not know

that the man had been under constant and close police observation. Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger, of the Bureau of Narcotics in Washington, had alerted Interpol Paris. Interpol took care of the rest. Detectives of half a dozen countries passed him on to each other as he crossed their frontiers, watching and recording his every move. In a French gambling casino, where an important conference had been arranged, entirely unobtrusive *Sûreté* men were in close attendance. In a Rome restaurant, equally discreet *Guardia di Finanza* agents were not far from the table at which he was entertaining. Their pooled information not only wrecked the New York combine's schemes but subsequently put behind bars a number of the international fraternity who tried to carry them out.

Interpol's warning system has trapped even the wariest criminals. Some years ago two extremely able confidence men met in an English prison and became friends. They decided that on their release they would go to the Far East where, they had heard, the police were less efficient and the pickings richer in the current political and social turbulence. In due course, by a complicated route supposed to throw any police observation off the track, the new partners arrived in pre-Communist Shanghai equipped with new names and faked passports. Almost immediately they found a wealthy and glib American merchant; before long he parted with a considerable sum of money as an advance on the delivery of non-existent goods. But just as they were happily preparing to depart for new territories, the thunderstruck crooks discovered that the officers had been following every move they had made. Their Far Eastern career came to an abrupt end.

As each had been released from prison, Interpol London had informed Paris—adding to the report that the two would probably be working together in future and had made plans to go to the Far East. This bit of information had come from an informer to the prison authorities who had passed it on to Scotland Yard. The Shanghai police therefore had the pictures and descriptions of the confidence men in the black book which the immigration control officers of every Interpol country always have within reach when they examine arriving travelers. The rest was a simple job of shadowing.

Among the *dossiers* which are kept up to date with particular care are the files on the prime movers of the big international gangs which in recent years have become mainly interested in narcotics and counterfeiting. One typical combine operating at present is an intricate network of narcotics dealers and smugglers. One gang arranges the smuggling of raw opium from Iran and India via Istanbul through the Mediterranean to Marseilles. An affiliated outfit has the opium refined into heroin in secret laboratories from which it is taken to Paris. Another gang supplies the couriers which get it out of France and into the United States, where still another organization gets the drug to distributors in the West and in Can-

ada. The tracking down of so large an operation takes months or years of the most painstaking detail work by each police force involved. But at Interpol Paris the picture is gradually put together—with the names and descriptions of the principal operators, their channels of communication, methods of smuggling, and the identity of their couriers. Eventually there are raids in Istanbul by the Turkish police, arrests in Marseilles by the *Sûreté* and in Paris by the *Préfecture*, more by Narcotics Bureau and Customs agents in the United States—and the combine is broken.

Since the end of the war, counterfeiting has been steadily on the increase. Financial turbulence, restrictions on the movement of currencies, and the growth of black markets and other illegal commercial operations have boomed the underworld's demand for dollars, Swiss francs, West German marks, and other hard moneys, and the counterfeiters have obliged. To combat this traffic, Interpol has established a special branch in The Hague to which all international counterfeiting cases are referred. There a staff of experts watch over the currencies of 42 nations, and their counterfeiters.

Not long ago the Argentine police found a gang of counterfeiters in Buenos Aires who had produced a large number of excellent hundred dollar notes. The head of the combine, a certain Nicasio, escaped arrest and was thought to be at large somewhere in Europe with several thousand of the fake bills. Nicasio's personal description went into the Interpol files in Paris. A sample of his product was classified at The Hague according to its paper, inks, printing and other technical peculiarities.

Interpol didn't have to wait very long. A Paris bank soon turned in several counterfeit hundred dollar notes which The Hague identified as Nicasio's. More came from Brussels, Rome and Paris again in quick succession. The Paris police, canvassing the hotels with Interpol's description, found Nicasio without much trouble. He was extradited to Argentina where he will be imprisoned for several years. When he gets out, it will be difficult for him to do any more serious damage. His fingerprints and pictures have been added to his description in the counterfeiters' file in Paris, his product will be immediately recognizable at The Hague. And bulletins reminding 42 countries of him and his distinctive work will be issued by Interpol Paris within a few days of his release. Nicasio is through.

The International Criminal Police Commission, despite the obvious importance of its work, has had a long uphill fight. It was originally founded in 1923 by Dr. Johann Schober, then Police President of Vienna and former Chancellor of the Austrian Republic. In those days the international criminal with enough money to buy train and ship tickets was able to thumb his nose at the European police forces with their diverse methods of identification and procedure. By 1938 the original Interpol, with 34 member countries, had made great strides. But then came the war; the organization collapsed; and its priceless records were moved from Vienna to

Berlin, where they disappeared when the Russian troops overran that city.

With the end of the war, an unparalleled wave of crime swept over Europe and the world. Inspector General Florent E. Louwage of the Belgian Ministry of Justice decided to do something about it. A spare, stern, and energetic gentleman whom his colleagues regard as one of Europe's outstanding police officers, Louwage recruited four stalwart friends—Louis Ducloux, director of France's Police Judiciare, Ronald H. Howe of New Scotland Yard, Dr. Harry Södermann, head of Sweden's famed Criminological Institute, and the late Werner Müller, police chief of Berne, Switzerland—to start a new Interpol. They faced a complicated and difficult problem. European governments are jealous enough of their national sovereignty; police forces are even more so. But little by little, with endless patience and tact, the new Interpol was built up. Six years ago it started operating with 19 countries as members. Today it has 42 and is still growing.

Interpol has no field agents of its own. "Each police force can work far more efficiently in its own country than anyone we could send," an official told me. The only permanent staff is the small group of 29 experts who work at Interpol Paris under Interpol's Secretary General Marcel Sicot—a veteran Inspector General of the *Sûreté Nationale*. The organi-

zation is kept strictly international by a well-balanced Executive Committee whose membership rotates among the nations every five years. International politics is outlawed by an ironclad rule; neither Interpol Paris nor any national Interpol bureau will touch a case that is anything but strictly criminal. Czechoslovakia and Hungary tried several times to get information from Paris on anti-Communists that they were looking for. They did not succeed and have since withdrawn from Interpol to everyone's relief.

The full International Criminal Police Commission comprises chiefs of all the member forces. At its annual meeting plans are worked out for more rapid communications between the Interpol bureaus, for making the frontier check points more efficient, for speeding extradition between the countries, for standardizing fingerprinting and other police methods. The conference, held this year in Stockholm, was an experience in smooth international cooperation. The police chief from Burma in his silk shirt and turban was in perfect agreement with his colleague from Finland; Director Yümak of the Turkish Criminal Police had no differences with Ronald Howe, his counterpart at Scotland Yard. They were all, without national friction or rivalry, drawing the net tighter around their common enemy, the criminal. "If only," as one of Interpol's officers said to me, "we had more organizations like this in the world." •



"How come every time you get lost in space we run out of atoms?"



PRONGHORN PANIC

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there watching me, getting ready to slap a fat thigh and guffaw. . . .

It was cold, and cloudy, and a mist shrouded the far peaks in a shivery cloak of gray. A dull red sun poked timid fingers of crimson through serrated ridges to the east. I looked out over the wild, rough, rocky terrain. My eyes followed snaky arroyos down the bald prairies, saw how they tore ragged gashes in the hard ground. Anything to take my mind off the slow, painful, nerve-racking wait.

They moved down the draw in nervous stages. Always the big buck kept within that protecting screen of does. He was well schooled in rudiments for the prevention of hide-puncture. And the harder he made the game, the more I wanted that great buck's head in my den. I tried to calm myself by attempting to realize that things like a first-time antelope hunter getting a prize buck during the first few minutes of the hunt—well, it was just one of those too-good-to-be-true things!

They were within 220 yards when the old buck spotted me. He half-wheeled, then stood and stamped his feet in excited indecision. I was crouched there among the ragged shale, heavy rifle ready, hoping against hope that the big buck would move out in front for just

the fraction of a second before they turned and stampeded up the far slope.

But they didn't turn, and they didn't stampede. Stragglers in the group became frightened at something behind. It acted as a ramrod for the leaders. They began to move in halting, erratic spurts up the draw again, and the old buck moved with them!

An antelope is a strange creature. "Pied goat of the plain" Cabeza de Vaca called them. Not a true antelope, a cross between goat and deer some sportsmen say, horns of matted hair-like structure—they are truly unusual critters. And one of the outstanding characteristics of the West Texas pronghorn is his stubborn-headed perseverance. When he decides to go some place, he goes. Later on in the hunt, I saw three bucks and five does come from a distance of 200 yards and speed past four hunters, who were firing at them feverishly, hardly seventy-five yards away. They did this in order to go through a certain wash they were accustomed to using when heading for a particular range! It is a characteristic that causes the pronghorn a great deal of grief. I was depending mostly on it for what promised to be the greatest hunting thrill of my life.

When they reached the closest point to

me that the herd would traverse in their journey up the draw—approximately 200 yards—and the old buck hadn't permitted an opening bigger than a stunted watermelon to show him through the does yet, I grew near desperate. The heavy rifle had been trained upon him so long my arms were becoming weak. The suspense was getting me. When they stopped momentarily at the 200 yards point and the old buck was safely surrounded by does, I wanted to jump up, climb a bare peak, pull my hair, and shout at the soaring eagles!

Their next motion would carry them away from me. And the nervous does in front had already begun it—like a stream of thick honey, flowing slowly down a tiny wash. Four moved up the draw, toward the crest of the hogback ridge that would take them away from me for good. The column fed off to the old buck himself. He was a little too nervous now. He stepped out to follow them. Then hesitated uncertainly. My heart froze. I grew tense. I lined the sights on him and was about to pull the trigger when a doe moved up beside him!

That, I decided, was the last straw. If he got away now, I'd shoot myself!

Whether it's providence, hunter's luck, or maybe the undeserved answering of a quick prayer, I don't know. But things do happen right sometimes.

The old doe moved on. The others behind him started up. Three seconds at most. I already had the rifle on him. Now I lined up the sights, took in a long breath, and squeezed gently.

An old 30-40 Army Krag kicks. The recoil pushed me back, blurred the whole landscape. But I had seen enough. . . .

When the heavy 150 grain bullet struck, the big pronghorn dropped. He didn't move.

That is when I had to use some will power. I didn't even turn my head and look at the shallow depression where Doc, the warden, and the other hunter stood. I didn't even look over at Crowe. I just looked straight at the biggest buck antelope I'd ever seen before in my whole life and started walking toward him. And I had to grit my teeth to keep from running!

The horns measured 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ "—not outstanding, but big for that country. They tied for record head of the hunt.

I won't try to describe that look on the doctor's face. Neither will I be elusive, play the part of a gentleman, and say I didn't kid the living daylight out of him about it. I told him that it was silly to use more than one cartridge on an antelope. The doctor, he just grinned and pulled on his pipe and muttered something about damfool accidents!

It's all in good fun, of course. A hunt without ribbing would be a solemn occasion.

The hunt took place on the Kokernot Ranch near Alpine—in the wild, rugged, picturesque Trans-Pecos country of Texas.

That head sure looks good in my den. If you're ever down Austin way and drop in for a chat, don't let me take you into my den. I ask this as a favor to both you



"Well, it may be Jane Russell, but I'd call that just plain fat!"

and me. Just say you don't like dens and refuse to budge an inch.

My blood pressure always rises when I walk into that den with a fellow hunter. Before you know it, I've got you cornered.

I point with a significant finger to the head. I say, "See that!" My voice gets dramatic at this point. "There is a story behind that mount—one of the

most gripping, suspense-filled, long-drawn-out thrills I've ever experienced in my entire hunting career!"

Your eyes are dancing furtively toward the door. But I have you cut off. I'm in almost a crouched position now. My face is flushed. I look a little wild.

"It was cold up there on that ridge," I will begin. "Gray mist drifted with a penetrating wind that morning. I shook

slightly, but my shivering wasn't due altogether from the cold. . . ."

You sigh, light a cigarette. I've got you hemmed in and you know it. So, stay out of my den. But if you want tops in hunting thrills, go after antelope yourself. Get a big buck. Have his head mounted. Maybe I'll come by to see you sometime.

But I won't go in your den. . . .



THE MAN WHO STOLE \$3,000,000.00

Continued from page 5

He set up the "Knetzer Duck Club" at Stuttgart, Arkansas, renting the entire second floor of a Stuttgart Hotel and stocking a private bar in the hotel basement with choice liquors. He bought shooting rights on land near Stuttgart for \$8,825, hired a photographer to take pictures of the proceeding, and referred to the land as "my duck ranch." He sponsored the National Duck Calling Contest at Stuttgart, boosted the prizes and brought in celebrities for judges.

He did some of his most spectacular spending in Wyoming, where, it was subsequently revealed, there was a second "Mrs. Knetzer,"—pretty, shapely Dorothy Kelch. A former dancer at a Chicago hotel where Knetzer had once maintained a \$30-a-day suite, Dorothy was about 5'5" and weighed 120 pounds, all of it tastefully arranged.

She claimed later to have first become his secretary, then "gone through a religious marriage ceremony" with him. She stated she knew nothing of another wife until the financial scandal broke.

Dorothy and her infant son lived in an elaborate Cheyenne apartment where husband Robert threw some parties that will long live in western memory. One included 400 guests, and he had ten movie starlets flown in from Hollywood to brighten up the proceedings. Dorothy reigned over these affairs as "Mrs. Knetzer."

Knetzer dropped \$85,000 he had laid out as earnest money for the purchase of a ranch, when he couldn't get sufficient cash to complete the deal. He also spent large amounts to create a sportsman's paradise in the mountains near Cody, erecting buildings and having them expensively decorated.

Although money continued to flow in from new depositors—one man alone gave Knetzer \$208,000 for tractors—those who had been waiting a long time for their cars began to complain.

"I checked with a banker I knew," one man said, "and he told me to get my money out. Then I had to chase Knetzer for a couple of days before I could find him. He was very bullying when I demanded my money, but peeled it off a big roll of bills with a kind of big-shot air. I demanded interest, and he gave me \$20 extra, although he'd just had the money for five weeks."

Over a thousand were given refunds, some went away unsatisfied, but a surprisingly large number who arrived on the scene steaming were talked into putting down even more cash.

However, not even the aggressive self-confidence Knetzer tossed at the world could hold his financial fantasy together forever.

He delayed the crash by setting up a system with a farmer—one Arthur Kramer—from nearby Jerseyville, who came to Knetzer as a tractor customer and suddenly found himself in the used car business. For a showroom he used an alfalfa field.

Kramer started slowly, after being talked into buying nine cars by the persuasive auto dealer. The nine cars which he kept mostly for members of his family soon brought requests from his neighbors. And before long he was taking deposits himself.

But instead of taking a handsome commission for his trouble, Kramer apparently loaded bills into a gunny sack and hauled them all down to Knetzer. Knetzer practically stopped taking cash deposits from new customers and used the money Kramer brought him to pay off his most dissatisfied ones. Many of them, not knowing of the connection, took their refunds right to Kramer, who collected about \$3,000,000 in five months.

Another effort on Knetzer's part to avert the impending collapse was to place \$100 to \$1 bets with protesting customers that their delivery dates would be within a week. But by October 1948 the clamor became too great. Knetzer dropped from sight.

Involuntary bankruptcy petitions were filed against the two men, and the bewildered Kramer, after insisting for a week that he would pay all his customers that their delivery dates would be within a week. But by October 1948 the clamor became too great. Knetzer dropped from sight.

Touched off by the petitions was one of the most involved and amazing bankruptcy actions in history. Through session after session Knetzer was questioned about the apparent impossibility of making a profit in his cash-in-advance set-up.

"I hoped to get big enough where I

could get manipulated around where I would be making a profit," he told the court. "I don't know just how I did come to that conclusion."

On another occasion he said he'd planned to sell cars abroad at a huge profit. And another time he explained that he had been trying to corner the market in used cars.

After wading through a morass of inadequate ledgers, dust-covered files, and bewildering bookkeeping, one of the court officials estimated that it would "take a year" to straighten out Knetzer's affairs. That was more than three and a half years ago, and things are still in a muddle.

Contributing to the continuing confusion is Knetzer himself. Despite his avowed bankruptcy he seems to have an ample income, and maintains an enviable standard of living by, he claims, "bumming money." All his millions, he said, "went for living expenses."

"I had to keep up a front," he philosophized. "I used to live good, stopped at good hotels, travelled first class. I had to do that because there is nobody who wants to help anybody when they are down. They will help you when they think you are up, but not when you are down."

Literally hundreds of law suits have been filed in connection with the case. At first glance it appears that nearly everyone involved is suing everyone else. Among the most unhappy defendants are the hundreds of customers who considered themselves lucky in getting refunds just before the big tent folded. Under federal bankruptcy laws, however, persons receiving refunds from a firm within four months before a bankruptcy petition is filed have received "illegally preferred treatment."

Knetzer has been in jail a good part of the time since early in 1950, when he didn't comply with a court order to cough up all of \$250,000 the judge felt he had when he went broke. Ever so often, he has been temporarily freed to go out on fund raising furloughs so he could pay his creditors back in part.

Some of these trips have been much more successful than others. Knetzer has headed out for parts unknown in his big Cadillac and come back with \$1,000 to \$5,000, or even more, in the clean, crisp bills he likes so well. In seven trips, he raised a total of \$170,000 toward the \$250,000 he needed to gain release from jail. Technically, the charge was contempt of court for not turning in the funds as the judge ordered, and his sentence is indefinite, continuing until he comes up with the entire sum.

However, his jaunts may have dropped

him out of the skillet into the inferno. For he has now been indicted on several counts, one of them on the charge of defrauding three persons of \$63,700 while out "raising funds." The deals he dangled in his jovial, convincing way were quick killings in oil, lumber, and the Christmas tree market.

Such is the magic of Knetzer's delivery that one of the men he hooked was a man who had previously lost money in his automobile scheme. And another of the bilked trio emphatically said he would testify in Knetzer's behalf if, and when, he comes to trial on the charges.

Many of his little jaunts have been eventful. On one of them, just a year ago, he broke four ribs in an auto crash. And a woman riding with him at that time first gave her name as Miss Violet Miller Mitchell. Then, at the hospital, she described herself as Mrs. Violet Knetzer, his wife.

The newest Mrs. Knetzer is a sandy-haired, attractive St. Louis woman, a former manicurist. Now staying with her mother, she's expecting a baby and said wistfully of Knetzer's fund-raising expeditions, "We're just a normal married couple, and all we had hoped for was that Bob could straighten out his affairs so we could lead a normal life."

Undaunted by broken ribs and a few minor injuries, Knetzer was out hobnobbing around on crutches shortly after his accident, offering a deal whereby he'd take \$30,000 and turn it into \$45,000 in two weeks.

In between trips he sits in his jail cell at Springfield, drinking cup after cup of coffee, chain smoking, and speculating on his present difficulties.

"It's hard for me to tell you, and expect

you to believe it," he says, "the thousands and thousands of dollars I turned down."

"It got so bad at my home that I couldn't sit down and eat my dinner, for people wanting to deposit money on cars. People would throw money on my desk in envelopes, and I would pick it up and throw it back at them. They would say, 'You'll see the day when you'll be glad to take my money.' I remember one day I turned down \$175,000 in deposits."

"They don't understand that I always intended that everybody should either get their money back or get an automobile. If I had been left alone and a lot of jealous dealers had not interfered, it would have been all straightened out."

In March of this year, still trying to straighten it out, he escaped from the custody of two bailiffs while on one of his journeys, and remained at large for several days before phoning in and telling them where to meet him. His escape routine was as slick as some of his financial schemes have been. He and the bailiffs went to a St. Louis hotel where he was to meet a client in an eighth floor room. Knetzer convinced them that he'd have better luck if he talked to the man alone, so they waited in the lobby.

Every half hour they received a phone call from Knetzer telling them all was well up on the eighth floor—except for the last phone call, in which he informed them he was "taking a plane." He had slipped down by a back elevator and gone out through the kitchen. Each call had been made from a more distant point.

That trip—the last authorized one—failed to produce any funds. However, another scheme of Knetzer's came to light

recently, a plan to swing a \$1,000,000 RFC loan through an Illinois politician. The loan "might have pulled him out of debt and straightened out his financial troubles" according to a friend, who added, however, "When the RFC scandal hit it knocked the plan sky high."

After his March junket, Knetzer was required to make \$50,000 bond on the indictments involving Christmas trees, oil and lumber. He made the bond all right, but learned to his sorrow that he still had to stay in jail on the contempt charge until the judge saw fit to let him go on another trip. It was at this time that the phony Federal marshal came into the picture.

Although Knetzer has now been denied visitors, especially newspaper reporters, he managed to break into print again by making a half-hearted "suicide attempt." He scratched his wrists slightly in an effort his jailers branded as an out and out fake.

There's no telling how Knetzer will end up when he comes to trial on charges of concealing assets in bankruptcy, interstate transportation of money obtained by fraud and perjury, and escape from jail. But of one thing people who know and have studied Knetzer are certain: He has salted away a fortune somewhere, maybe in oil investments in Canada and Mexico, or maybe in cash he has hidden or buried. They just won't believe that the nation's swindler supreme, the mastermind of operation sucker, would be sucker enough himself to let several million dollars slip through his fingers.

And judging from the high style in which Mr. Knetzer has been spending his time in and out of jail, they must be pretty close to the truth. •



GET ME A GUN

Continued from page 35

was still too dazed to see what was happening, another blow exploded in his face, and another, driving him against the boxes once more, dropping him to the floor.

His mind was too foggy now to make any accurate record of what followed. He thought he was pulled erect again and again knocked down, and then jerked up once more and once more battered to the floor. And perhaps even a third time. After that, he must have lost consciousness, for his next rational understanding was that he was lying on the floor, his head and his shirt soaked with water from a bucket one of the men was holding.

"He's coming out of it, Bill," the man muttered. "Tell him, and let's get out of here."

The other man stepped into the range of Fenner's vision. He was rubbing his knuckles. His scowl was ugly.

"Fenner?" he asked. "Fenner, can you hear me?"

Fenner made no answer. He was dizzy, afraid he was going to be sick. Pain was stabbing through every part of his body.

The man leaned closer. He said, "Listen, Fenner. This is only a warning. From now on we'll be around, night and day. If you don't want us to visit you again, do what Cassidy told you. Is that clear?"

Fenner still didn't make any reply. He closed his eyes, fighting against the dizziness which had gripped him. When he opened his eyes again, the two men were gone. . . .

Time ran on. Fenner lay there on the floor, breathing more easily now, and temporarily at least having conquered the feeling that he was going to be sick. He lifted a hand and touched his face. There was a raw spot on his cheek bone and another on his jaw. His lower lip was cut and swollen. The muscles of his entire body, from his shoulders on down, seemed sore.

After a while he sat up, then got to his feet. His knees were shaky but would hold him. He had just moved back into the store when the door opened and Ed Soderman looked in.

"Just noticed your lamps were on and wondered about it," said the sheriff. "You're working pretty late, aren't you, Fenner?"

"Not so late," said Fenner.

But there must have been a strange note in his voice for the sheriff came on in, came closer, peered at him and then stiffened. "What happened, Fenner?"

Fenner reached for the support of the counter. He wondered just what he should tell the sheriff. He didn't know the two men; he might be able to identify them, but even if he did he had no proof of what they had done. He could only guess that Cassidy had sent them. And he had to remember this, that the sheriff was on Cassidy's side. The sheriff was with the cattlemen.

"Come on, Fenner," the sheriff was insisting. "Tell me. A hold up?"

"No," said Fenner slowly. "Not a hold up. I went back to the storeroom in the dark, fell over a box."

"It doesn't look like that to me," said the sheriff.

He moved around the counter, opened the till, then closed it. "The drawer's

He was sitting so he could watch Cassidy and the two men. They were conferring in whispers, now and then glancing his way. And suddenly the two men who had called themselves a cattlemen's committee turned and started for the door. Fenner watched them leave. He hoped Cassidy wouldn't follow them and apparently the cattlemen didn't mean to, for he poured another drink from the bottle in front of him and continued leaning against the bar, his back to Fenner.

Art McAdams came back from his trip to the hardware store. He laid a gun on the table in front of Fenner. He said, "Well, there you are."

"It's loaded?" asked Fenner.

"It's loaded,"

Again, Fenner was aware of the sharp silence in the room. He reached for the gun and picked it up and sat holding it. He stared at Cassidy, who had turned to face him and who was scowling and flushed and tense.

"When folks come in the store," said Fenner slowly, "I don't ask them about their politics or their religion. I don't care if they're black or white, or if they're Mexican or Chinese. I don't care if they run the biggest cattle ranch in the country or if they're homesteading on Four Mile creek. If they need groceries, they get groceries, sometimes even when they can't pay for them for a while. That's why the store is there. It's to serve people. Any kind of people. There's nothing in my book which says some people can buy groceries and others can't. There never will be."

Fenner paused. He looked down at the gun in his hand, then looked up again, glancing at Soderman.

"Tonight," he continued, "a man came into the store and told me I wasn't to sell supplies to the homesteaders on Four Mile creek. When I wouldn't agree, he left, then a few minutes later two other men came in. They called themselves a cattlemen's committee. They were pretty good with their fists. They promised to come back and beat me up again if I sold anything to the homesteaders."

Soderman jerked to his feet. "Who were they, Fenner?"

"Who were they?" said Fenner. "We won't go into that, sheriff. I've got a gun, now. I'll take care of them if they come back. If I have to, I'll take care of the man who sent them."

He was looking straight at Cassidy, and he didn't know it but his eyes were hard, unblinking, a direct accusation.

"Tell me their names," said Soderman.

"I think I'll go home," said Fenner. "It's been a long day."

He stood up. A little man, a man with a puffed and swollen face. He was limping a little as he started slowly toward the door.

"Wait a minute, Fenner," called the sheriff. "I think we can work this out. I don't believe you'll need your gun. No cattlemen's committee I know of has been appointed to tell you what to do. None will be. That's a promise."

Fenner stopped and looked around.

The sheriff, his shoulders straightened, his lips tight now, was still staring at Cassidy. "About those two men who called themselves a committee," he said slowly. "Maybe they're already on their way out of the country. If they're not, they'd better be. I'm pretty sure I know who they were."

Cassidy was perspiring. His face was still flushed. He turned abruptly to the bar, poured a drink and downed it. His hand wasn't very steady. "I've a long ride," he muttered. "A long ride. Got to get started."

He headed for the door, passing Fenner as he neared it, but not even glancing at Fenner. He slammed the door as he went out.

"Hey, Fenner," called one of the men who had been playing rummy. "Come on back here. I'd like to buy you a drink. I'm a cattlemen, but I like the way you run your grocery."

"It's not my grocery," said Fenner. "I just work there. When Henry Meyers gets well—"

"I reckon you'll still be around," said the man, grinning. "We'll find something to keep you here. This country can use tall men."

"Tall?" said Fenner. And then he grinned, though his puffed lip hardly showed it.

"I'll have a word with Cassidy," said the sheriff, moving toward the door. "See you when I get back, Fenner."

The rummy player motioned to Fenner. "How about that drink?" he insisted.

"Maybe I can manage one," said Fenner. "A small one." ■



I WENT IN ALONE

Continued from page 19

After bleeding and dressing him, I dragged him over to the canoe. Only then did I realize that he was entirely too big for it. The only thing to do was to cut him up and bring him home in pieces. I let the meat hang for about a week before attempting to eat any of it. It looked so dark I was afraid I might not like it. One evening, however, I got some cedar and birchbark—wonderful for starting fires—and broiled the meat over hard-wood coals in the stove. With fried onions and mashed potatoes, I was set. One cut, one bite, and I was sold! Was that good!

It was now close to November. That night the lake froze. Then more snow fell, and it looked as if winter were already here. I dug out the traps but wondered about setting them. I had hoped to be able to trap the inlet by setting traps from the canoe, but now it looked as if everything would be frozen over. Then the snow turned to rain, and a terrific wind broke up the ice on the lake and piled it up along one side.

The next morning the sun came out and I was back in the canoe, excitedly making my first sets. The following day

I hiked the four miles to Bog Lake and set some there too. I could hardly sleep that night, I was so anxious to see if I had caught anything. I was up long before dawn and in the canoe just as it was light enough to see.

The first trap was not disturbed, but the next had a nicely drowned muskrat. The third also held a muskrat, but he was still alive. I took some movies of him. I caught three that first day. And that was a daily average for about the next two weeks. I'd never get rich at it but I was having fun.

One day, paddling up to a set on a log reaching out into the middle of a still-water hole, I was amazed to find that my catch was a very much and disgusted horned owl! How to get him out of the trap was a problem, for the one free taloned foot could do great harm.

Fortunately, I had a fairly large square piece of khaki cloth in my pack, which I used to wrap game to keep from soiling the pack itself. By dropping this over the bird to blind him, I was able to hurriedly

work my hands over him and down to his feet, which I quickly bound together with a piece of string. Wrapped up like this he seemed quite docile. I freed him from the trap and noted that he was not hurt.

Remembering that there were several muskrat carcasses at the cabin, I thought he might enjoy a good feed in return for some movies I would take of him. When we got there, over one of his feet I fashioned a leather strap attached to a trap chain to keep him secured. Then I tied him out in front and under the sheltered projecting roof of the cabin. I removed the cloth. He sulked for a couple of hours, then settled down to curiously watching every move I made.

Whenever I would throw him a carcass he would immediately—sort of instinctively—pounce on it. Several days later, in trying to adjust the strap which seemed to be coming loose, I got careless and he drove one of his talons right through my hand. I poured half a bottle of iodine into the wound, bandaged it and hoped for the best. I suppose I should have shot him for that. Instead, I disowned him and set him free. But even though I snatched him off to the edge of the clearing, it was three days before he flew away and disappeared. I guess he knew he never had it so good.

One day, along the shore of the lake, I noticed some very large fox tracks in the washed up debris. Immediately I set a couple of fish lines at the mouth of the

inlet and caught some cusk of about a pound each. I took these fish and buried them under the tracks, carefully burying a trap over them. I fastened the trap chain to a large piece of green spruce and buried that, too. To make it all look natural I doused it with water. I kept away from the set for about three days, during which a foot of snow had fallen.

When I returned I found things all chewed and torn up. The trap was gone, but the trail, too, was almost gone in the melting snow. I couldn't help thinking that any fox that could tear up that much of an area would be worth following, no matter how difficult it would be. I worked for four hours, circling and searching for the trail. I was amazed at the cunning of the creature. In places where the snow hadn't thawed completely, I could see where he walked on top of a windfallen log, then leaped off at a right angle into some heavy brush to hide his trail. Just as I was despairing of ever finding him, I heard a clink of metal. I hurried to the sound and, sure enough, there was a fresh track made only a minute ago. I ran along it and came upon a large windfall in a very thick mess of small evergreens. Having once read that in order not to damage the fur, a fox should be killed by a blow on the nose with a small stick, I put my rifle down and cut myself a small stick.

So armed, I crawled in to where I could see a bit of fur and the end of the trap chain. I was very close quarters, and when I pulled gently on the chain I was startled out of my wits by the exploding, snarling face that emerged only inches from my own! There wasn't much dignity in my hasty retreat—I just scrambled! For a few seconds I couldn't even think. All I knew was that what I was trying to kill with a small switch was no fox! And it was no fox that was now speedily clanking away with my trap in the opposite direction.

I hastily gathered myself together and with some effort found the rifle and took up the pursuit again. It was only a matter of minutes. The trap chain tangled with something in a small clearing and there, before me, sat a huge wildcat!

how much bigger I was! I couldn't help but admire the rascal, so I let him have the bait and gave him another hunk besides.

The latter part of November really was winter. It snowed nearly every day. The lake, and even the inlet, was frozen over completely. Digging out the water sets was quite a chore, but finally I gathered them in. I was beginning to use snowshoes. Trapping now was difficult. Setting traps in deep snow is an art one doesn't learn in a month or so.

December came, and with it came the preparation for the trip out. I started work on a sled. I first cut down a green birch, then split it. And with the ax I worked the two halves down to crude boards. These I shaved with a drawknife to about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick and about the width and length of a ski. Then, by wrapping the ends with cloth over which I poured boiling water, I was able to bend and shape them into a nice curve. Over the hot stove I carefully seasoned the green wood. These were my runners. A light frame was attached and my sled was completed. I tested it and was very proud of the job. It later hung in the warden's cabin as an exhibition piece.

The last two weeks were spent in rest, reading and studying. I used to mark an X on every day of the calendar, but some mornings I'd forget. This led to some confusion. However, calendar days weren't important. Only time was. And I wished it wouldn't move so fast. Anyway, about this time I wasn't too sure just what date it was, but I had a suspicion it was past Xmas and time for me to hit the long trail out. Then, one morning, I was on it.

The mile and a half of lake was fine. The snow, wind-packed, was hard. I didn't even need the snowshoes. But when I hit the woods it was a different story. The four or five feet of snow were soft. Each step of the snowshoe sank deeply, and it was a tremendous and tire-

ing effort each time to take the next step. At the end of the day I had progressed only about a mile and a half. And each day it was about the same. Early morning, just as it was getting light, I would be out breaking trail, then be forced to stop, go back, and drag a load on the sled. Unload, and back for another another. This was necessary, because even though I had cut my outfit to the bone, it still made a sizable load for the small sled and had to be divided. My 22, water-colors, books, extra clothes, and a lot of other excellent equipment I left in the cabin. I had with me, besides my food, the little four-pound tent, four blankets, one teapot, cup and spoon, the catch of furs, movie camera and films. Food was the biggest item. However, for this trip, even that was down to the most elemental, tea, sugar, salt, and meat—venison three times a day, broiled on a stick.

At dusk, the open tent was pitched, facing a huge rock when possible—anything that would act as a backing or a reflector for the fire, which was built about four feet from the open front of the tent. The idea was to try to reflect some of the fire's heat into it. But at 20 below you practically sat on top of the fire while your back froze. It would be dark now, but because of the white snow it would still be bright enough in the twilight to go back for the last load. On returning, snow was packed into the kettle for tea and the venison was broiled. You didn't wait long to get sleepy. You hung up the socks for drying and changed into clean ones for sleeping. You did not take off your clothes, you simply rolled yourself up in the blankets. Just before you went off, you were conscious of the smells of snow, of wood smoke and fragrant boughs. You woke up automatically about every two hours and put some more wood on the fire. Just before dawn, you were up shaking off the frost gathered

its skin, shown later to the game warden, brought out the remark that it was one of the largest he had ever seen. A couple of days later I caught another.

One day, still trying to catch a fox, I made a set along an old tote road in the V of two roots of a stump. Into the little hole at the point of the V leading down into the stump I placed a piece of freshly killed rabbit. The next day I noticed that the bait was gone but the trap was undisturbed. I put in some more bait and on the next trip around it was gone again. The trap still wasn't sprung. It sure puzzled me how that bait disappeared. I got out another piece of meat and stuck it into the hole, then turned around to refasten my pack. When my gaze returned to the bait, I was amazed to see it slowly disappearing into the hole. I grabbed it and pulled, and there on the other end of this piece of meat was a furious, grunting, squealing weasel! He wasn't going to let it go no matter



on the outside of the blanket that you breathed through. A quick rub of snow on your face was the morning wash up. Your simple, but ample, breakfast was polished off. Daybreak, and you were ready to start the spirit-crushing task of trail-breaking. You really weren't ready. You had no choice—you had to!

I was out about seven or eight days. I had reached the Caucomogomoc road. This distance in the summer can be made in about three hours, but it took a week now. In all that time I had made only about ten miles with 90 still to go! I was hoping that on the road, which is more open, the wind might have helped to pack the snow, but it was soft, too.

That night, resting for a moment to look at the stars, I felt that same awe that

man, since creation, has experienced in studying the sky, and reluctantly, I realized that to Nature my living or dying would not have the slightest meaning. For a moment, off in the distance, I thought I could hear the faint sound of someone chopping. It was an oddly singular, lonely sound.

The next day, to my amazement, I thought I heard dogs barking, then human voices. I thought maybe I was becoming "bushed" and had begun hearing things. I couldn't imagine anybody having a reason for coming in this far.

Then I saw them! Two men and a sled pulled by two dogs. I suddenly felt shy at the strange sight of people, until I noticed that my good friend Bill Henderson was one of the two men.

I was to learn later that, prompted by a letter from a very kindly Dr. Viles whom I met earlier in the season and who had noted my puny condition, the Game Commissioner, George J. Stobie, alerted both Canadian and American wardens to come in to look for me.

It was some celebration. Bill had brought along some "tonic." It was the greatest medicine in the world. They told me later that I talked and sang incessantly.

Their coming was terrific good luck for me, though I felt bad that on my account others had to leave warm homes unnecessarily to suffer the hardships of the trail. But they'll know better than to worry about me next year when I hit the trail again to live alone and hunt alone. ■

ARE YOU GETTING THE MOST OUT OF SEX?

Continued from page 31

therapy, developed by Dr. Morton Biskind of New York's Beth Israel Hospital, have made it possible to overcome such "hunger" impotence by tuning up the activity of general body metabolism.

The most striking of all medical treatments to affect masculine virility, are those resulting from the administration of testosterone, the male hormone. This amazing compound, synthesized in the laboratory to duplicate the precious secretions of the human glands, has the power—in certain cases of glandular upset—to literally remodel and revitalize the masculine sex functions. "Eunuchoids," or underdeveloped males, and castrates who have lost their organs through war wounds or injuries, have been re-designed, as if by magic, into virile, sexually active humans.

Last year two West Coast medical men, Drs. Hans Lissner and Gilbert S. Gordon, got tired of seeing the ribbing that mentally developed but physically immature teen-agers were taking from their classmates. They gathered fifty-six of these undersized youths, began to dose them with synthetic male hormone, methyl testosterone. In one year the average growth climbed almost 4 inches, hair sprouted on chests and pubic areas, and pathetic little-boy sexual organs grew to healthy teen-age proportions.

In spite of these remarkable properties, testosterone has no special aphrodisiac power for normal males, although it may act as a temporary booster during the middle years, when men begin to taper off in sexual frequency. The power of this miraculous drug works only when there is a shortage of testosterone production in the body.

A score of other obscure physical conditions may operate to cut down male virility. Polio, certain forms of spinal syphilis, locomotor ataxia and multiple sclerosis may affect the nerve centers that trigger the erectile tissues of the masculine sex organ. Inflammation of the pros-

tate, a doughnut-shaped gland that supplies the human sperm with carrying fluid, may interfere with normal intercourse, especially past fifty.

Treatment for almost all these disorders, as well as brilliant surgical techniques for overcoming rare congenital malformations and organic injuries, have been used with remarkable success.

When thorough physical examination fails to locate a physical cause of sexual disturbance, it's a safe bet that there are other, emotional factors. Perhaps 90% of men who suffer potency disorders are victims of their own personality problems.

Most of us may think of ourselves as freeborn, down-to-earth and completely uninhibited creatures. Actually we all possess at least one little gremlin who roams our unconscious; fears, anxieties, inhibitions, hostilities are common, even among so-called "normal" individuals. This should not be alarming, for it is by no means peculiar to Americans of the mid-twentieth century. History's first authoritative medical document, the Edwin Smith Papyrus, dating back to 2600 B.C., provides a complete clinical description of how the Egyptian gentlemen of 4500 years ago tormented their personal physicians with problems of sexual weakness, neuroses, premature ejaculation and impotency.

Most cases of psychological impotence are near-surface emotional disorders that respond to the limited guidance of a capable doctor or marriage counselor.

Dr. Albert Ellis, a veteran psychologist in this field, says that fear and guilt underlie most cases of sexual failure. One typical example is that of the man who, after careful prompting, confessed that his father had warned him that fatal loss of manhood would result from early masturbation. Similar warnings about the sinfulness of self-gratification have

haunted countless males into their adult years; many still believe that "boyhood wickedness" weakens the mind, destroys character, or causes the brain to sink into the cavity of the skull. Ignorance and cultural bugaboos about sex account for many other neurotic anxieties that blunt male potency.

Because virility is man's most prized possession, it is more natural for psychoprophets and emotionally insecure men to weaken where they need their strength most. This expresses itself in a host of unjustifiable fears and sensitivities: fear of venereal disease, injury, heart failure; of hurting the female; of being rudely interrupted—and underlying all these, the awful fear of failure.

"Simple misinformation" says Dr. Ellis, "is one of the biggest factors of sexual insufficiency. Men who have barely touched their forties come timidly to my office, convinced that the 'male climacteric' has crept up on them. They think, act and behave like old men, until I get them to realize that the climacteric is just a big word for a long physiological process—lasting from ten to twenty years—about which we know very little, except that it does not cause impotence."

As Dr. Elmer Belt, the Los Angeles urologist, quipped recently: "... In the male this state can be described as a change of wife rather than a change of life."

Most of us, fortunately, are more concerned with how to improve our sexual performance than we are with the melancholy task of winning it back. We don't have to worry about the expensive tariff of prolonged psychotherapy.

But we can avail ourselves of all that science has achieved for the greater fulfillment of our sexual potentials. ■

Editor's Note: Advice and limited guidance from marriage counselors, urologists and other qualified professionals is within reach of almost every American male between the virile ages of 17 and 70. Good places to contact are: The American Association of Marriage Counselors—270 Park Avenue, New York; the National Mental Hygiene Association—Bethesda, Maryland; the Planned Parenthood Federation of America—501 Madison Avenue, New York; your local medical college or state medical association.



DEATH OF A RAPIST

Continued from page 24

still fluttered with the man's breathing.

He rose and turned in one motion, and dove up the slope scrambling and scrambling with feet and hands, and felt something pluck insistently at his sleeve just as he tumbled over the bank of the gully, landing on the medic's body and wriggling down beside it while unseen missiles stirred the ragged grasses.

The medic was dead, with his face in the mud and no trace of a pulse in his outflung wrist, but his kit was intact beside him and the captain had only a single small hole in his sleeve to remind him that this was no game. The medic was dead, but the man below was not, and if the medic had got to the other man with this kit that was still intact...

The captain scooped up the kit and took off like a bird, erupting over the lip of the gully in a soaring leap that catapulted him halfway down to the casualty and landed him, rolling in the midst of a small avalanche of small stones, safely beside the wounded man.

The captain wiped his sleeve across his face and sucked in one long shuddering breath, and then crouched low to open the medic's kit. The plasma was handy, and he knew how to use it.

As gently as he could, the captain turned the casualty over, reaching for the far arm, turning his head to avoid seeing the gaping dark hole in the chest from which the dark blood still bubbled. And his pain-filled eyes, the eyes that hadn't smiled in three long years now, fell upon the casualty's face, and the captain froze in horror and shock and disbelief while the casualty's glazed black eyes looked at him without comprehension...

They had had no place to go in those long Summer evenings, because her parents, snug in their Park Avenue duplex, had not approved. They had said she was too young (and she had been: too young and too innocent and too clean and untouched). What they had not said was that they wanted someone younger and richer and better-bred for her, but they had meant that, too. And he would never take her to his own modest apartment, though sometimes she had begged to go, because he hadn't trusted the feeling they had for one another, and he had known, with a sureness she was too young to share, that he must run no risk of defiling all the poignant hopeless beauty of their love. He had known that when they lost each other, as they eventually would, they must have for all their lives the memory of this as it was, with no memory of ever having had a little part of something that was not their own.

And so they had taken to spending an hour in Central Park, on their way home from their early dinner or movie date or the occasional parties they vis-

ited, an hour spent on a secluded bench with her hand in his and her head on his shoulder. And then a little later, with her slender fingers moving restlessly on the back of his head and her lips clinging to his own, he felt the fragile smallness of her locked warm and living in his arms. An hour of murmuring plans and protestations and eternal vows, an hour of being in love in a way that worshipped and could never defile.

Until the night came that was just like all the others, exactly like them in every way, up to the moment when a harsh hard alien bar fell across his throat and pulled his head back painfully, helplessly, against the bench; when, in the single instant of hearing her cry out in a quickly choked-off gasp of pain and fright and realizing that he was, incredibly, being attacked, a monstrous pain had burst across his nose and eyes and his world had dissolved in a flash of light...

There had been three of them in all, and one of them had been through with her by the time he opened his eyes again and stared numbly with his slowly-returning consciousness at the scene he had seen in his sleep ever since, that he would see for the rest of his life: the three dark blurred shapes sprawled over her, holding her down in the shadowy

grass of the Park though she wasn't struggling any more now, just sobbing hysterically, uncontrollably, the constant whimpering crying of a small hurt animal in unbearable torment; and the fourth, the one standing up and straightening his clothes, the one with the great hooked nose and the cruel black eyes and the scar that lifted one corner of his snarling mouth almost to the black bar of an eyebrow. And the torn silken shreds of garments of hers that he had never seen himself, carelessly flung aside in a brutality too great for his mind to accept, too enormous to be happening at all.

He had gathered himself, somehow, and flung himself upon the pile of their bodies, and the one standing must have kicked him in the head, because his skull was fractured the next day and he had nearly lost the sight of one eye, but he had no memory of that, he had no memory of anything further. Except that she had been taken to a sanatorium and kept there, and he had never been permitted to see her at all, although it wouldn't have done any good anyway: her mind was gone after that night, and it would never return. Nobody blamed him, exactly, but there was no consolation in that...

The captain looked down at the casualty's face, the black eyes with their innate bestial cruelty glazed over with pain and shock, the great hooked nose like a predatory beak, the scar—the never-to-be-forgotten scar that lifted one corner of the snarling mouth. Painfully his hand gripped the plasma bottle, but his other hand, already on the casualty's sleeve, froze where it was. A dozen thoughts



went through the captain's mind at once, jamming and crowding through his wearied fatigued exhausted brain like a troop of children in a revolving door: the medic lying up there in the gully, the medic who had given his life in line of duty that this life might be spared; the due processes of civilized law and order that he might now set in operation, once he had saved this man; the girl no longer clean and pure and undefiled, lost in mindless laughter in an asylum in Connecticut.

The Captain's mind lurched, and his hand on the casualty's sleeve stirred, gripped the wounded man's shoulder, shook it roughly so that the dark blood welled in a sullen spurt from the hole in the soldier's chest.

"Where are they?" the captain demanded thickly, and his voice was a

strange foreign voice not his own at all, "where are the others? The other three—who are they? Where are they? D'you hear me? Where?"

The glaze was clearing, slowly, from the black cruel eyes, the pain and the intelligence returning to them, and the awareness of hurt and the proximity of death. Alarm showed in the black eyes, but no trace of recognition. After all, the hoodlum in the park had only kicked the captain's head, he had never looked at the captain's face, and no doubt there had been other nights in the park, other muggings and other rapes. . . .

The hard black eyes were frightened now; they glanced down at the bubbling blood and back up at the plasma bottle, and with an incredible last surge of vitality the wounded man moved one arm in a desperate grasp at the bottle, a plead-

ing urgent demand that life be restored to him before the last of it had ebbed away.

And in that same moment sanity returned to the captain, or a kind of sanity; in that moment he realized that he would never find the other three, and that the chance of surviving to bring this man to justice was slight, this man who had been delivered unto him. He would look for the others, if he lived to continue looking, but he'd take no chances with this one.

Rapidly, roughly, the captain ripped off the wounded man's dogtags and stuffed them into his blouse—and then, deliberately, fixing the soldier's fearful eyes with his own pain-filled gaze that lightened for a moment, exultantly, the captain smashed the plasma bottle against a rock. ■



MATA HARI OF THE MARINES

Continued from page 59

Ozama River. John Baptist must be taught a lesson.

Luisa was approaching the sallyport with her usual armful of red roses. She asked the sentry at the gate what was happening. He told her. She grabbed the nearest automatic, dropped her roses and started running.

"Come back, you . . ." and she called the running marines many things they were not. "Juan's got a hundred men. He keel you all!"

Battle had been joined when she overtook the marines. The officer and the sergeant had been killed. She screamed at Bautista to cease firing, that the marines didn't know he was a kind of tradition. But Juan was irritated. He shot Luisa in the abdomen, knocking her flat in the road. She turned on her numb belly, held the automatic in both hands, and killed Juan Bautista with one shot.

That was the legend. Luisa had never mentioned it, nor had I.

Now her honor was being questioned. "You think it not true?" she screamed.

She lifted her dress to her breasts and showed me a wound left of her navel. It could have been a bullet wound. Enrique nodded and grinned with pride. Luisa stood, holding her skirts. Lifting them had given her an idea.

She disrobed entirely, except for her shoes.

Before either Enrique or I could guess what she was up to, she had poured kerosene over herself. She said she was going to set herself afire. She didn't say how this would help Fanie. Enrique and I protested. She said she was either going to set herself afire or run into the street nude. So we sat back and told her to go ahead and light up.

She began to laugh. The crisis was past. She washed, dressed, and sat down with us.

She told me of a woman in San Carlos who had heard some men talking. Arms had been hidden in the Caves of Santana.

The Caves of Santana were supposed to be haunted by the ghosts of men who had been killed in past revolutions. Next morning I went to the caves to look around, intending to bring some marines out after dark to dig in suspicious looking places.

Returning through the jungles I changed my mind. I would come back that night, sit tight and see whether the place was really haunted or whether it had other nocturnal visitors.

The night was so black I could see nothing. I returned to the caves by memory, feeling for the path with my feet. My hand was on my automatic. I realized that the tip could have been straight. I could be walking straight into trouble.

The caves were in the walls of a deep crater in the coral rock.

It was an eerie place.

Lianas hung from trees, masking some of the cave mouths. Bats flitted in and out. The floor was level and grassy and could have been where the spooks reveled. I didn't for one moment believe that natives came here at night. Not if the caves were haunted. They were too superstitious. Santo Domingo was Catholic, but in many sections of the country *brujeria*, witchcraft, was common, and witches did a profitable business in spells, love potions and gruesome hexes.

I found a shelf in the crater wall where nobody could get at my back and sat down to discover what I could see and feel. The place gave me the creeps. Imagination peopled it with all sorts of wraiths. Mist rose from the damp grass, assumed ghostly shapes. The shapes

soared up and out of the crater. Misty forms flowed through thickets growing in dark crannies of the place. No, no native would ever visit this place at night, and I wasn't going to stay much longer. I'd dig for contraband in daylight and risk a governmental protest.

Something that was different showed suddenly near one of the cave mouths. It was shapeless. It could, I decided, be either a man or a woman, carrying something. I watched it while my body went cold and my throat closed in. It moved slowly, silently, directly toward me. I had been seen. I realized how far I was from home, from any marines. Even a Colt .45 would not be heard so far. The black figure came on.

It stopped directly under me and began to swear. Luisa again, with little Enrique on her hip. She must have had personal spies of her own to maintain such a close watch on me.

"You get killed," she said, "and I lose my thirty dollars!"

That was her sole explanation for shadowing me. She kept it up until orders came for me.

My orders were to report at San Diego, via the Panama Canal. A chapter of my life was closing.

"When people go to States," said Luisa when I told her, "it's the same here as if they dead."

She made no mention now of her salary.

My wife and three children sat outside our empty house, that last day, in the General's Cadillac. I was looking up before starting. We were driving to Santiago, Monte Cristi, Dajabon, then across the Massacre River into Haiti, first leg of the long journey home.

I was phoning the quartermaster to have the field telephone removed. I looked up as someone touched me. It was Luisa, all dressed in white, weeping huge tears in silence. I'd never seen her weep. She always said only babies wept. She didn't say anything now. She leaned quickly across the telephone and kissed me on the cheek. Then she went out the front way, fast.

As we drove off I saw her at a distance, in a *coche*. She held her hand high. We waved back. I never saw her again. ■



TELEPATHY vs. MURDER

Continued from page 51

program, and got a complete picture of just where the jewels were hidden. The jewels were found, the case solved."

"Not so fast," Hancock said. "You say you tuned in on the prisoner's mind? How do you do that?"

"The human mind sends out impulses," Langsner explained. "Certain other human minds that are trained and particularly sensitive—like my mind, for instance—are capable of receiving the impulses from other minds, and translating those impulses into pictures. The harder a man concentrates on something, the stronger the impulses his mind sends out. The jewel robber in Berlin was concentrating very hard on where his jewels were hidden and assuring himself that he was a very clever man. I got a picture quite quickly."

"How quickly?"
"Oh, within three hours." Langsner lit a cigaret. "And now, Inspector," he said, "just what is your problem?"

Hancock outlined the Booher case. Then he said, "I want to know where Vernon Booher hid that rifle."

"That should be easy," said Langsner. "If the rifle is important to you, it's important to him, so he will no doubt be thinking quite hard about his secret. His mind will send out strong impulses."

"Frankly," said Inspector Hancock, "I am skeptical. But go ahead and try."

It was early in the afternoon when Langsner walked along the corridor of the cell block, carrying a chair. When he reached Vernon Booher's cell, he sat down immediately outside of the bars and began staring at Booher.

Booher ignored Langsner. The mentalist didn't mind. They all ignored him at first; in the end, they all broke down.

The first hour passed, with Langsner sitting outside of the cell and Booher ignoring him. The second hour slipped by in the same way. During the third hour, Booher began to walk up and down. The little man in the chair out in the corridor was beginning to get him.

Not a word had been exchanged.

During the fourth hour Booher began to sweat. He turned to Langsner and let loose a torrent of oaths. He didn't know just who he was, he roared, but he wished he would get to hell away from there. Langsner just lit a cigaret and stared.

It was during the fifth hour that Vernon Booher dropped down on his cot, apparently exhausted. Inspector Hancock appeared at the end of the corridor, and Langsner motioned him away. Booher had turned away from Langsner after the explosion during the fourth hour. Now, as he sat on his cot, he looked up at the man.

This, Langsner said later, was the moment he had been waiting for. His subject, exhausted by the suspense, was no longer able to put up a fight. He no longer had the strength, in fact, to look

away. He was more like a fish caught.

Finally, almost five hours to the minute after he had first taken his seat outside Booher's cell, Langsner got up. Booher fell back on his cot into a deep sleep.

Langsner walked into Inspector Hancock's office. "I have a very clear impression, Inspector," he said, "of a rifle hidden in a clump of bushes five or six hundred feet from a farmhouse. Let me have a pencil and paper."

Hancock looked over the mentalist's shoulder as Langsner sketched a farmhouse, a clump of bushes and two trees—one tree about halfway between the house and the bushes, and another tree just beyond the bushes. Only a part of the farmhouse was sketched—the part of the house nearest the point where the rifle was supposed to be hidden in the bushes. But the part of the house that was sketched looked exactly like part of the Booher homestead.

"You've never been in Canada until this trip, Mr. Langsner?" Hancock asked.

"No, never. I'm on my way to the Far East, you know. I'm going to do some work for the police in India."

When the sketch was completed, Hancock asked, "What color is the house you've drawn, Mr. Langsner?"

"White, with red shutters," said Langsner. That was the color of the Booher homestead.

Inspector Hancock drove Langsner to the Booher property. It was twilight

when the two men got there. The inspector looked at Langsner's sketch when he got out of his car. The house, the two trees and the clump of bushes were in reality as they were in the sketch.

"Ah," said Langsner, orienting himself, "that must be where the rifle is." He pointed to the clump of bushes about 200 yards distant. Then, incredibly enough, he ran to the bushes, quickly explored them, and came up with a .303 British rifle.

Inspector Hancock was too dumbfounded to say much of anything. Langsner didn't seem to expect him to say anything; rather, the mentalist showed no indication that he considered that he had done anything out of the ordinary.

Back in Edmonton, Hancock showed Vernon Booher the rifle. "We have," he lied, "found fingerprints on it, Vernon. Your fingerprints."

Booher wanted to know how the gun had been found. Inspector Hancock told him that Langsner had read his mind. "You were thinking so hard about where you had hidden the gun," Hancock said, "that you projected a mental picture of where it was to Mr. Langsner."

That was too much for Booher. He confessed. As Constable Olsen had deduced, Vernon's hatred for his mother because she had broken up a love affair, had motivated the crime, and his brother and the two hired hands had been removed as obstacles to his future safety. Then he had carefully secreted the rifle, and phoned the alarm to Dr. Healsip.

The day Vernon Booher went to the gallows, Inspector Hancock fell to talking about Langsner with some newspaper reporters. Langsner had long since left western Canada for the Far East. "Boys," Inspector Hancock told the scribes, "I saw that little fellow operate on that hard-rock murderer—so don't go to India and kill somebody." *





BASKETBALL'S SUPERMEN

Continued from page 29

by one means or another, send representatives to their meetings. We go to every big tourney and check on small schools that nobody ever heard of."

They did not have to look hard for Mikkelsen. He is a Minnesotan, out of Hamline University, the only man on the squad as strong as Mikan.

However, it is a mild-mannered, pleasant 35-year-old coach named Kundla who may be the secret of the Minneapolis success. Kundla is a quiet strategist who gets little of the publicity accorded a Nat Holman, a Phog Allen, a Clair Bee, or a Joe Lapchick. Yet he happens to have the best current record of any coach.

When you win the professional championship four out of five years, such a statement must be made. Kundla, however, is the last man to make it. "We just build our attack around Mikan and let it go at that," he says.

Nevertheless, Kundla has the rare aptitude of blending into a cohesive team a medley of individualistic All-Americans who could easily fall prey to the dissensions which wreck so many athletic clubs. He is no severe taskmaster, but he is a master of the task in hand. Sid Tanenbaum, the former New York University All-American, signed with the Lakers but he only stayed for a few days. He didn't feel he was being given the full treatment. Tanenbaum was sorry later, when he discovered what a gold mine the Lakers had turned out to be.

Kundla calls his men in for practice ten days before the season opens. They are whisked up to the Gustavus Adolphus College campus 70 miles from Minneapolis, and there they gradually work into shape for the strenuous season. But before the regular campaign there is a barnstorming trip of from 15 to 18 days, and usually there is one afterwards. Last year, the boys went to Hawaii.

The astute Kundla feels that his job with the Lakers is to keep the fellows in harmonious spirits and that an emphasis on fundamentals, while important in college ball, is secondary with a team like Minneapolis.

According to Kundla, the outstanding development of basketball in the past 15 years is the improvement in shooting.

"When I played," he says, "we had the one-hand shot, the two-hand shot and the hook. Now there is a variety which includes a jump shot that is practically unstoppable, like Pollard's, a two-handed overhand shot, and more boys are shooting both left-handed and right-handed. But what may be even more significant, the centers themselves are pretty good from out in the court beyond the circle. Centers can play forward—a decided change in the technique of the basketball attack—and they can even guard. They no longer just pivot.

"Since they are no longer freaks who just pivot," declares Kundla, "a man

like Pollard, or even fellows up to 6' 7" are often too small to be centers."

As for the shooting, it is so much better, in Kundla's opinion, that the old excellent average of one-third achievement is nothing. "They hit 40 and 50 per cent now and even the high schools are superior to the old average."

The Lakers, who play the professional limit of twelve minute quarters as compared to the ten minutes for colleges, have earned the incredible total of 121 points in competition. Once, in an exhibition game in Kansas City, they soared so high that Kundla pleaded with the fellows to take it easy and for each of the men to take a long shot. Finally, Tony Jaros flipped one in from mid-court and the other Lakers protested.

"What's the matter?" asked Kundla. "I'm sorry, coach," apologized Jaros, "I shot out of turn."

But, in these days of phenomenal basketball scoring, the Lakers once had the unforgettable experience of losing a scheduled contest by 19 to 18. Murray Mendenhall, the coach of Fort Wayne a few seasons ago, awoke one night from a deep dream of perplexity and thought of a way to stop Minneapolis.

Fort Wayne stalled practically the whole game. They would seldom shoot for the basket because, as Mendenhall explained later, what was the good? The big Minneapolis bruisers were liable to get the ball, anyway. Minneapolis stuck under the basket. Fort Wayne held the ball, the Indiana team got the verdict, the fans got connipions, and the league proceeded to ban all such high jinks in the future. But it shows to what lengths other teams will go to try to stop the Lakers.

Experts think that Mikan is good for

at least another two or three years—although MacMillan vows he can play till forty if he retains his interest—while the 30-year-old Pollard also seems good for another couple of years. All the other Lakers are on the youngish side, but the quest for reserves never ceases.

Somehow when they buy a player, the new man will often shine like a mediocre major leaguer who finds himself transformed when bought by the New York Yankees. Pep Saul was just average with Rochester and Baltimore. With Minneapolis, it was his outside shooting, as the enemy ganged the big boys, which helped the Lakers barge through to New York for the title.

Although the baseball season had already begun when the pro basketball play-offs were still under way, and although Minneapolis, in baseball, is a Giant farm club, the Lakers' fans stormed to the play-offs in record numbers. The basketball season never ends for them.

The promotion-minded Lakers' management keeps it that way. They have deals with bus companies which bring fans in from distances as far as 800 miles. They have a 22-station radio network which blares a play-by-play account of Minneapolis games. They get the fans so excited that when the Lakers played the Knickerbockers in New York last season, and a Western Union strike suspended all telegraphing of results, thousands of calls flooded the newspaper.

"Funniest part of it all," says Kundla, "was that the reporter from New York trying to phone in the results couldn't get through because of the fans!"

Governor Elmer Anderson, Senator Hubert Humphrey, representatives of civic organizations, all like to see the Lakers play.

"I'm a member of the Governor's committee investigating prisons," says President Berger of the Lakers, "and they are crazy about basketball in the penitentiaries. One writer for the prison paper claimed that his predictions for the 1951-52 season were 90 per cent right. He is looking forward to the 1952-53 season."

Nobody, it seems, is safe from Minneapolis Lakers' basketball. •



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